Loves V[illegible]

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

BY

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAINE

Of *Shaftsbury* in the County of *Dorset*.

——— Odiumque perit,
Cum jussit amor, veteres cedunt
Ignibus iræ ———

LONDON;

Printed by *E. Cotes*, and are to be sold by *Robert Clavell* at the Stags-head neer St. *Gregories* Church in St. *Pauls-church-yard*. 1658.

To the Right Worſhipful

Sir *WILLIAM PORTMAN*,

Baronet.

SIR,

ERe diverted by more ſerious Studies, which the benefit of an excellent Education, eſpous'd to a natural ingenuity, will ſoon render the ratbe-ripe fruits of Your pregnant Wit, I hope it wil in me appear no unbecoming boldneſs, whilſt your youth claimes the priviledge of Recreations, to preſent you with this, which though trivial in it ſelf, improved by your acceptance, may become worthy the view of others; who beholding your Name beautifie its front, may give it as fair an eſteem as if they ſaw it adorned

with all the advantages of the Publique Stage; which since this rigid Age hath silenced, (if I may be so happy to obtain) I shall value your single acceptance beyond the loud applause of a Theater. If the Reading afford you but as many minutes as the Composure did me hours of retired content, I shall think these low delights of youthful fancy worthy the esteem of my maturer thoughts, to which the burthens of imployment have now added (if not more Judgement) yet more Solidity. Nor shall I repent to have rowz'd it from its so long lying dormant, it being then in the embryo, when with us, War first made the present Age unhappy, so may have something to excuse the roughness of its style, its production being whilst I sacrificed to Minerva in the Temple of Mars. Deities, which we have fair Prog-

nosticks

nosticks may be both propitious [illegible] ture Achievements; for which, together with an affluence of all other perfections; shall ever be sacrificed the hearty prayers of

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Your Devoted Servant

William Chamberlaine.

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CROPPED PAGES.

To the Reader.

SInce by this active Age 't hath been thought beſt
With their grave earneſt to cruſh Plots in jeſt;
The mourning Stage being ſilent, juſtly I
May change a Prologue to Apologie;
That ſo in private each Spectator may
Singly receive his welcome to a Play.
But here expect no paraſite, that ſin
Juſtly condemn'd the Stage, though ſince 't hath been
Hug'd by pretence with ſuch hot zeal, as pickles
Mad Sectaries for midnight Conventicles.
Yet though I bring no Opiate to allay
Thy feveriſh guilt, nor tune my Muſe to play
Thy ſoul into a Lethargie, here lies
No Satyr, leſs, hid in ſome ſins diſguiſe,
Which ſhould'ſt thou but ſeem ſtartl'd at, 'twould be
An argument of ſome affinity
Betwixt thy thoughts and that. They fooliſh hate
That rails at thoſe, raiſed by whatever fate
Above their wiſhes, doth but vainly ſhow
By their own wounds what they intend their foe;

Whilſt

Whilſt graver wits, who by afflictions thrive,
Make Balm of what was meant a Corraſive.
That ſickly genius whom no lines can pleaſe
But thoſe that rail their Author to diſeaſe,
May ſtill frown here; For know, I durſt not write
An ages ruine in an hours delight.
Though this imperfect embryo was begot
Whilſt Clamorous wars wilde fury was ſo hot
It dry'd up Helicon, and in diſtreſs
Forc't the ſad Muſes to a wilderneſs,
Which inrag'd man (that worſt of Beaſts) had made
A Scene of bloud, where guilty hands invade
Poor trembling innocence, 'twas brought to light
Unlike that ghaſtly Parent, ſince none fight
Within theſe liſts, but ſuch as only prove
Their Valour where the Victory is Love.

A Catalogue of the Actors.

The King of Sicilia.
Oroandes *General of his Army.*
Zannazarro *a yong Lord in Rebellion.*
Arratus *an old Courtier.*
Carlo *a rich Citizen.*
Vanlore *a Noble Gentleman, but of a low fortune.*
Buffonie *a simple Clown, Nephew to* Arratus.
Gudgeon *his man.*
Creon *and* Lewcippus *two cheats.*

Heroina *Princess of* Regium *Mistris to the King.*
Glorianda *Princess of* Cyprus *Mistris to* Zannazarro.
Eurione *Sister to* Zannazarro *Mistris to* Oroandes.
Theocrine *Daughter to* Carlo *Mistris to* Vanlore.
The Father and Mother to Buffonie, *Priests, Souldiers, and Attendants.*

Loves

Loves Victory.

Actus Primus.

Scena Prima.

A Funeral march: A Coffin born over the Stage.
Oroandes *and his followers in mourning.* Ex.

Enter Cleon *and* Lewcippus.

Cre. THis is the place, is't not *Lewcippus?*

Lew. The same, nor will our under-officer delay us long.

Cre. If this Goose prove not well featherd, our hopes
Are blown up: our only happiness is, we have the
Limbs to help us, whilst others must halt out their
Wants in a Hospital.

Lew. Yes, and have their pensions paid them in rotten
Tobacco, and carv'd bonelace sticks for bread.

Cre. Thou art in the right, for the better rewards are
Reserv'd for the decaled sons oth' shop, or decaled
Placket squires, followers that dare not not look in a glass,
For fear they they should be frighted with the ruines
Of a nose.

Lew. Well, it was our wisdoms not to fancy this
Grinning honour, in the mean time I would sell
My forg'd Commission for a bankrouts bill of exchange.

Cre. And I my buff-coat for a freese jerkin, and all

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The Father and Mother of Buffonie, *Prieſts, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

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Actus Primus.

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A Funeral march: A Coffin born over the Stage.
Oroandes *and his followers in mourning.* *Ex.*

Enter Cleon *and* Lewcippus.

Cre. THis is the place, is't not *Lewcippus?*

Lew. The ſame, nor will our under-officer delay us long.

Cre. If this Gooſe prove not well featherd, our hopes Are blown up: our only happineſs is, we have our Limbs to help us, whilſt others muſt halt out their Wants in a Hoſpital.

Lew. Yes, and have their penſions paid them in rotten Tobacco, and carv'd bonelace ſticks for bread.

Cre. Thou art in the right, for the better rewards are Reſerv'd for the decaied ſons oth' ſhop, or decaied Placket ſquires, fellowes that dare not not look in a glaſs For fear they they ſhould be frighted with the ruines Of a noſe.

Lew. Well, it was our wiſdoms not to fancy this Grinning honour, in the mean time I would ſell My forg'd Commiſſion for a bankrouts bill of exchange.

Cre. And I my buff-coat for a freeſe jerkin, and all

My airy honours for the greasie steam of a Cooks shop.

Lew. Here he comes *Enter a Serjeant and Buffonie.*
Like the captive Knight of the golden Image;
Don dell Placbo —— welcome.

Ser. Fie—— Fie—— A Souldier and tears!

Buf. Doest lie —— that doest, cham no Zodier,
Cha been better bred then zo.

Lew. Twas thy own proffer friend.

Buf. Yes, but when I wonder? when chad took a pot too much at market, and was a little toxicated.

Cre. Thou shalt have a sober time of repentance:
S-death! what's here? *Enter* Buf *mother followed by*
An Incubus! *her husband and* Gudgeon.

Lew. Or else a fury frighted out of her wits.

Cre. She wants but a perriwig of Snakes to lead the dance of Hobgoblins.

Mot. Why Whore, be these Rogues here? I have been
Frighted out of my naked bed to follow them:
What doest thou amongst these Varlets?
Come home —— come home you whorson lout,

Hus. Nay wife, good wife, do not anger the worshipful Captains.

Mot. Pew, you dotard, doest think I will be frighted out of my Boy, tis sign thou hast but small share in the begetting of him, that thou canst so willingly part with him——

Cre. Serjeant away with him, how vermin d'ee bark?

Lew. To the guard with him, and lay him neck and heels;
S-death —— affronted!

Fa. Captain —— I beseech your honorable worship.

Lew. What saist old Cropshin?

Cre. Go hire thy Beldame a house in a Churchyard,
That when she hath bequeathed her garments to a Paper...,
She may walk there to fright Sextons.

Fa. Good Sir bear with her, for when she is up she is
A devill in Carrion, but I will disburse here;
Here is vorty old Angels, and a good vitty fellow
For a supply ——

Mot. How! —— part with thy gold! why the Palsie hath

hath ſhook thy wit out at thy noſtrils: muſt Angels flie to fetch him back? Ile do't without, or Ile ſcratch their eyes out.

Cre. Peace good matron, and go water the furrowes of thy cheeks in tears, 'twill look moſt religiouſly.

Lew. Thou haſt been ſo long hung to roof, that
Otherwiſe thou wilt choak the wormes,
And in the next age be ſold for mummy.

Bu. I took my Mother to be good for nothing.

Lew. Old fellow we incline to pity thee, but the ſupply looks ſomething wretchedly, there muſt be ſome additionall advance.

Fa. We will not ſtumble at that.

Cre. Didſt ever handle armes friend? Serjeant, try him.

Gud. Chwas nere thus hampered before, cham afeard tont come ofe.

Ser. Come, handle your armes.

Gud. Jch amt well skild in theſe guns, chave ſeen them at *Mouſter* ſet it a vier with the end of a cord, ſure theſe ſnipper ſnappers be a new faſhion, beant they?

Cre. Nere fear, there's no hurt. *The powder flies in his face.*

Enter Vanlore *diſguiſed.*

Van. Save you Gentlemen;
Lives there one *Coſmo Buffonie* here?

Fa. I am the man you ſpie for friend, vor want of a better.

Buf. Look *Gudgeon*——what ſpark is that?

Van. I have a letter from the Lord *Arratus*;
What it concerns, the contents will inform you.

Fat. Pray maſter Captain read it, we beant book learn'd.

Mot. No——whoſe fault was that you old knave, the Boy had doſſety enough and thou wouldſt ha put him toot.

Lew. He here ſends you word how he deſires to have his Nephew your Son ſent forthwith to *Syracuſe*, for he intends to adopt him his Heir.

Mot. How! why then we are made for ever? *Gudgeon* thou goeſt too.

Van. *Creon* and *Lewcippus*, the city cheats. *Van. aſide.*

 Cre. But

Cre. But hear, you friends, you first muſt diſingage from us.

Van. How ſtands he Sir ingaged to you?

Lew. How——fellow, go medle with your horſe comb ſawcie groom: Serjeant——away with him.

Fat. Nay——worſhipful Captain——I will diſburſe.

Van. For what? keep up your money, who dares touch him?

Cre. So bold, my livery creature? Ile make thee know Thou't not ith' ſtable, where thou command'ſt ore horſe boyes; Unhand him, or by heaven——

Van. What will you do Sir? do' think I fear plunder'd Coats and big looks? *Strikes up his heels and diſarmes him whilſt* Creo *Kicks him*

Lew. Devils and fiends, Shall I indure this!

Van. Yes, and this too.

Van. Come, your ranſome is paid.

Fa. Bleſſings on your heart, come ſon *Buff*——

Exeunt, Om.

A vollie of ſhot within, the mourners enter, a trumpet ſounds, a herald reads Oroandes *Com.*

Om. Heavens crown the actions with ſucceſſe!

Oro. My gratitude divides
It ſelf amongſt you all, the only mean
Of recompence, untill ſome welcome beam
Of opportunity ſhall light my wiſhes
To a requital of your early loves.
But now the minutes languiſh in ſad haſt,
And from the ſad performance of theſe duties
To our deceaſed General we muſt
Remain griefs debtors, whilſt we ſatisfie
Importunate revenge. You diſmal badges
Of their deſpair, tell us we have an enemy
Whoſe reſolutions are as high and bloudy,
As their condition ſad, if they refuſe
This laſt act of an injured Princes mercy.

A parle sounded: Enter at on the walls Zanmazarro *and attendants.*

Zan. What means this hasty summons? is your anger
So swift in motion, that it not admits
Due rites unto the dead? The doleful hours
In which we mourn'd our Fathers funerals
Hath scarce left seals on the records of time.
Yet though the grief sit heavy on our souls,
It's not of kin to fear, we dare to draw
Our swords ere we have wiped our eyes, and in
A peal of Canons, more harmonious then
The solemn Bell, thunder his funeral peal.

Oro. Tis pitty a resolve thus fortified
With valour, should unravel all its glory
In an unlawful cause. This desperation
Valours blind hieroglyphick, wherein nought
Appears but monsters only, serves to fright
Deluded fancie, from supreme commands.
Oh do not then precipitate a family
Which may outlive approaching ruine, to
Stand the supporters of this State, when those
That prop it now, are sunk with weight of age.
Nobility, like heavens bright Planets, waits
Upon the Sun of Majesty, whilst none
But Comets drop from their usurped spheare.
Then rectifie your reason, and let's now
Conclude this war without a greater flux
Of bloud then is already spent, that so
Rebellion may not add more fables to
What mercy yet may pierce.

Zan. You might have spared this labour, though we lost
The strongest Citadel of all our hopes
In our dear fathers death, those high resolves
He dying left as legacies to us
Are so much cherisht, that should I consent
To stifle those brave flames, his angry ghost
Rowz'd from the silence of a dormitory,
Would reassume its seat to chide my sloath.

Cre. But hear, you friends, you first must disingage from us.

Van. How stands he Sir ingaged to you?

Lew. How——fellow, go medle with your horse comb sawcie groom: Serjeant——away with him.

Fat. Nay——worshipful Captain——I will disburse.

Van. For what? keep up your money, who dares touch him?

Cre. So bold, my livery creature? Ile make thee know Thou't not ith' stable, where thou command'st ore horse boyes; Unhand him, or by heaven——

Van. What will you do Sir? do' think I fear plunder'd Coats and big looks? *Strikes up his heels and disarmes him whilst* Creo

Lew. Devils and fiends, Shall I indure this! *Kicks him*

Van. Yes, and this too.

Van. Come, your ransome is paid.

Fa. Blessings on your heart, come son *Buff*.

Exeunt, Om.

A vollie of shot within, the mourners enter, a trumpet sounds, a herald reads Oroandes *Com.*

Om. Heavens crown the actions with successe!

Oro. My gratitude divides
It self amongst you all, the only mean
Of recompence, untill some welcome beam
Of opportunity shall light my wishes
To a requital of your early loves.
But now the minutes languish in sad hast,
And from the sad performance of these duties
To our deceased General we must
Remain griefs debtors, whilst we satisfie
Importunate revenge. You dismal badges
Of their despair, tell us we have an enemy
Whose resolutions are as high and bloudy,
As their condition sad, if they refuse
This last act of an injured Princes mercy.

A parle ſounded: Enter as on the walls Zannazarro *and attendants.*

Zan. What means this haſty ſummons? is your anger
So ſwift in motion, that it not admits
Due rites unto the dead? The doleful hours
In which we mourn'd our Fathers funerals
Hath ſcarce left ſeals on the records of time.
Yet though the grief ſit heavy on our ſouls,
It's not of kin to fear, we dare to draw
Our ſwords ere we have wiped our eyes, and in
A peal of Canons, more harmonious then
The ſolemn Bell, thunder his funeral peal.

Oro. Tis pitty a reſolve thus fortified
With valour, ſhould unravel all its glory
In an unlawful cauſe. This deſperation
Valours blind hieroglyphick, wherein nought
Appears but monſters only, ſerves to fright
Deluded fancie from ſupreme commands.
Oh do not then precipitate a family
Which may outlive approaching ruine, to
Stand the ſupporters of this State, when thoſe
That prop is now, are ſunk with weight of age.
Nobility, like heavens bright Planets, waits
Upon the Sun of Majeſty, whilſt none
But Comets drop from their uſurped ſpheare.
Then rectifie your reaſon, and let's now
Conclude this war without a greater flux
Of bloud then is already ſpent, that ſo
Rebellion may not add more ſables to
What mercy yet may pierce.

Zan. You might have ſpared this labour, though we loſt
The ſtrongeſt Cittadel of all our hopes
In our dear fathers death, thoſe high reſolves
He dying left as legacies to us
Are ſo much cheriſht, that ſhould *I* conſent
To ſtifle thoſe brave flames, his angry ghoſt
Rowz'd from the ſilence of a dormitory,
Would reaſſume its ſeat to chide my ſloath.

Cre. But hear, you friends, you first muſt diſingage from us.

Van. How ſtands he Sir ingaged to you?

Lew. How——fellow, go medle with your horſecomb ſawcie groom: Serjeant——away with him.

Fat. Nay——worſhipful Captain——I will diſburſe.

Van. For what? keep up your money, who dares touch him?

Cre. So bold, my livery creature? Ile make thee know Thou't not ith' ſtable, where thou command'ſt ore horſe boyes; Unband him, or by heaven——

Van. What will you do Sir? do' think I fear plunder'd Coats and big looks? *Strikes up his heels and diſarmes him whilſt* Creo

Lew. Devils and fiends, Shall I indure this! *Kicks him*

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Van. Come, your ranſome is paid.

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Of recompence, untill ſome welcome beam
Of opportunity ſhall light my wiſhes
To a requital of your early loves.
But now the minutes languiſh in ſad haſt,
And from the ſad performance of theſe duties
To our deceaſed General we muſt
Remain griefs debtors, whilſt we ſatisfie
Importunate revenge. You diſmal badges
Of their deſpair, tell us we have an enemy
Whoſe reſolutions are as high and bloudy,
As their condition ſad, if they refuſe
This laſt act of an injured Princes mercy.

A parle sounded: Enter at one the walls Zanmazarro *and attendants.*

Zan. What means this hasty summons? is your anger
So swift in motion, that is not admits
Due rites unto the dead? The doleful houre
In which we mourn'd our Fathers funerals

DOUBLE EXPOSURES MADE TO COVER THE DIFFERENT DENSITIES THAT FREQUENTLY OCCUR.

Nobility, like heavens bright
Upon the Sun of Majesty, whilst none
But Comets drop from their usurped spheares.
Then rectifie your reason, and let's now
Conclude this war without a greater flux
Of bloud then is already spent, that so
Rebellion may not add more fables to
What mercy yet may pierce.
Zan. You might have spared this labour, though we lost
The strongest Citadel of all our hopes
In our dear fathers death, those high resolves
He dying left as legacies to us
Are so much cherisht, that should I consent
To stifle those brave flames, his angry ghost
Rowz'd from the silence of a dormitory,
Would reassume its seat to chide my slouth

 I've

I've only with me thoſe few wounded men
Which from the laſt loud ſtroak of war eſcaped
With life, not health, to ſerve me; yet though their armes
Grown weak with the late frequent loſſe of bloud,
Sell not our lives at honours higheſt rate,
We'l fall no humble ſacrifice to death.

Oro. I'm ſorry Sir,
That my advice, proceeding from the love
I bear your worth, hath miſt its wiſht for ends.
——Farewel——All happineſſe
But that which waits on victory attend you.

Zan. The like to thee brave ſoul, ſince part we muſt;
When next we meet, 'twill be in bloud and duſt.

Ex. from below: an Alarm within, at which Ex. haſtily from above.

Whilſt the battail continues, the ſtage hung with lights and pictures repreſents a Temple.

Enter Eurione, *a book in her hand, ſhe having kneeled a while, Ent. a Lady haſtily.*

Lady. ——Oh Madam! ——whither will you flie?
The day is loſt, your noble brother taken,
Wars furious Godeſſe, fierce *Enyo* ſtands
Over your batter'd gates, and wheeling round
A dropping pine about her bloudy treſſes
Lends with its diſmall light an entrance to
The miniſters of death, the unclaſpt power
Of the rude Souldier, like a deluge broak
O're a rich field, the laſt and fatall blow
Is giving all our dying hopes. Th' battlements
Sweat oft in flames, whilſt loud confuſion fils
The inlightned air with outcries, and our ſhrieks
Choak'd in the embryo of our prayers can find
No way to angry heaven: the infant dies
Whileſt in the porch of life, and natures webs
Decayed by age, are rent from out the the looms.

Immaculate

Imaculate Virgins to each touch betrayed
Lie in a tembling agony, their beauties
Like a rich Mine laviſht to vulgar hands,
The injured prize of every impious ſlave.
Eur. Weep not my dear companion, thou that haſt ſhar'd
Alike with me in every change of fortune,
If fate ordains this the Cataſtrophe
Of all thoſe tragick ſcenes, which theſe late wars
Made us unwilling, though ſad actors in,
To us our virgin innocence ſhall be
Protection ſafer then the united ſwords
Of earths moſt powerfull monarchs.

Outcries within.

Lad. Oh they are entring, let's flie dear Madam.
Eur. Whither? when ſlaughter runs through all
What place can give protection unto us? *Ex. Lad.*

En. Oroandes *wounded, a Surgeon.*

Oro. To thy charge, my hurt's but ſleight.
Sur. Yet will deſerve your care Sir. *Ex. Sur.*
Oro. Hah! what place is this!
Hung round with ſtately pictures, ſtarr'd with lights!
With what an awfull majeſty it looks!
———ſure it inſhrines ſome deity———what's ſhe?
———with ſuch a face
Troy's tutelary angell look'd, when all
Her crown of turrets dropt their flaming heads.

Eur. kneels to the altar.

Eur. If thoſe bleſt ſpirits, which freed from all the crimes
Caſt on them by mortality, and made
Fit for celeſtiall palaces, retain
A thought of us, as elſe our faith deceives us,
Oh let the white ſoul of ſome ſainted Virgin
Deſcend for my protection.

She ſpeaks.
He draws nearer.
She riſing from the Altar
kneels to him.

En. What ere thou art that in this dreadfull ſhape

Com'ſt

Com'ſt to profane this hallowed place with bloud,
If in your breſt there dwell a humane thought
Telling you that a woman was your mother,
For her ſake pitty a diſtreſſed Virgin.
Not for my life I beg, but only that
My honor kept unblemiſht you would eaſe
Me of that tedious burthen.

Oroandes *ſtands a while ſilent, lets fall his ſword.*

Oro. A chilling froſt unnerves my joints, ſure this is
Divinity or Magick that hath thus
Depos'd my reaſon to let Rebell paſſion
Triumph ith' injur'd throne——Riſe Lady
——there's a religious ice about my heart
That chains up all my fury----I ſhall rather
Slight the commands of an injured Prince,
Then violate ought which the dictates of
My ſoul proclaimes for ſacred.

Eur. Oh lead me then to ſome polluted place
That's grown drunk with bloud, and there let mine
Increaſe the purple deluge rather then
Let life add yet more burdens to my ſoul.
——I ſhall not alwayes be protected by
This places ſanctity; or if I were,
Find few of ſo much vertue to be with
Religious reverence awed.

Oro. Do not, dear ſoul,
Miſtruſt the gentle ſmiles of fate, my power
Secures you from all future violence
Which in the lowdeſt ſtorme of fury can
Fall from the ſteepeſt precipice of rage.

Zannazarro *retreating, Souldiers laying at him.*

Eur. Oh my dear brother.

Soul. Kill---kill the gaudy whore.

Oro. Hold----I command you hold:
This is a place too ſacred to be made
A ſcene for ſuch a bloudy act, and would

Style

Style what our cauſe cals juſtice ſacriledge,
Heaven being it ſelf profan'd in the abuſe
Of what its power for ſanctity devotes.
His wounds ſeem large enough already to
Let life flie out through all the gards of nature;
Or if they are not, to preſerve him will
Be but the glimring of a Taper ere
Blown out by the formalities of Law.
--- Hear---ſearch his wounds, and let it be your charge
To uſe all diligence in their recovery.
Sound a retreat, and you, that bear command
See the rude Souldiers violence be drawn
Within the bounds of mercy. Victories ſtain'd
With too much bloud are bleſſings but profan'd.

Ex. Zanna. *and Souldiers,*
ma. Oroan. *and* Eur.

Do not my dear too much afflict thy ſelf,
Each tear you ſhead drops from my heart in bloud.
--- I'me conquered in this victory, and become
A captive to my priſoner. Come Lady, dare you truſt
Your ſelf to my protection, your gardian Angel
Rob'd in virginity, is not whiter then
Thoſe thoughts which clothe my ſoul when they reflect
On ſo much ſuffering vertue. Were my luſt
Hot as the womb of *Ætna*, yet there lies
A ſecret magick in this touch to cool
Thoſe moſt intemperate fires. The morning pearls
Dropt in the Lillies ſpotleſſe boſome, are
Leſſe chaſtly cool, ere the meridian Sun
Hath kiſt them into heat; yet ſince the ice
Of Anchorites by religious flames may be
Warm'd into holy Calentures, Oh give
My paſſions leave to move within the orb
Of your Cœleſtial beauty, whilſt no line
Tends to the center of a thought unchaſt.
Eur. Alas my Lord——this is
No time to play with Love (that child of peace)
When war and death ſit by and hold the ſtakes.

Com'ſt to profane this hallowed place with bloud,
If in your breſt there dwell a humane thought
Telling you that a woman was your mother,
For her ſake pitty a diſtreſſed Virgin.
Not for my life I beg, but only that
My honor kept unblemiſht you would eaſe
Me of that tedious burthen.

Oroandes *ſtands a while ſilent, lets fall his ſword.*

Oro. A chilling froſt unnerves my joints, ſure this is
Divinity or Magick that hath thus
Depos'd my reaſon to let Rebell paſſion
Triumph ith' injur'd throne——Riſe Lady
——there's a religious ice about my heart
That chains up all my fury——I ſhall rather
Slight the commands of an injured Prince,
Then violate ought which the dictates of
My ſoul proclaimes for ſacred.

Eur. Oh lead me then to ſome polluted place
That's grown drunk with bloud, and there let mine
Increaſe the purple deluge rather then
Let life add yet more burdens to my ſoul.
——I ſhall not alwayes be protected by
This places ſanctity; or if I were,
Find few of ſo much vertue to be with
Religious reverence awed.

Oro. Do not, dear ſoul,
Miſtruſt the gentle ſmiles of fate, my power
Secures you from all future violence
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Fall from the ſteepeſt precipice of rage.

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Heaven being it self profan'd in the abuse
Of what its power for sanctity devotes.
His wounds seem large enough already to
Let life flie out through all the gards of nature;
Or if they are not, to preserve him will
Be but the glimring of a Taper ere
Blown out by the formalities of Law.
--- Hear---search his wounds, and let it be your charge
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Your self to my protection, your gardian Angel
Rob'd in virginity, is not whiter then
Those thoughts which clothe my soul when they reflect
On so much suffering vertue. Were my lust
Hot as the womb of *Ætna*, yet there lies
A secret magick in this touch to cool
Those most intemperate fires. The morning pearls
Dropt in the Lillies spotlesse bosome, are
Lesse chastly cool, ere the meridian Sun
Hath kist them into heat; yet since the ice
Of Anchorites by religious flames may be
Warm'd into holy Calentures, Oh give
My passions leave to move within the orb
Of your Coelestial beauty, whilst no line
Tend[illegible] center of a thought unchast.

Eur. Alas my Lord——this is
No time to play with Love (that child of peace)
When war and death sit by and hold the stakes.

The impious mirth of the bold *Atheist*, that
Riots at funerals, and undaunted sits
Whilst heaven in plagues drops vengeance round about him,
Unvests his soul of no more modesty
Then such wilde love would mine, whose growth must needs
Be fatall when sown in a field of bloud.
———Yet I confesse———
If heaven did e're lend balme to cure a grief
So vast as mine, even whilst the orifice
Was warm with bloud, this cordial favour would
Perform the cure: but I am lost to all
The future hopes of dull mortality;
The habitation of my soul is grown
Too great a burthen, since so often wet
With miseries ere to be born with ease.

Oro. If all my service to my Prince hath merited
Ought worth requital, he must shew it in
Mercy to you, or by a blacker doom
Shake my obedience off. But only grant
Me thus much satisfaction, that when time
Hath purg'd your griefs malignity, and for
These thornes strew'd the soft roses of content
Within your Virgin bosome, that you would
With pity then on my afflictions look.

Eur. I were ungrateful else: Know noble Sir,
I so much prize your virtues, that if ere
My frowning stars smile on my fate again,
Their powerful'st influence shall reflect on you
In so much thankful gratitude, you shall
Acknowledge it the eldest child of love.

Oro. My joy growes equall with my wishes; Come
Let's in my dear, and see thy wounded brother.

Ex. Oro. *and* Eu.

Ent. Vanlore *alone.*

Van. My plot hath thriv'd thus far, I have discover'd
A rival in my love to *Theocrine*———but such a one
That nature in such haste did huddle up,
She gave him scarce the Characters of man.

How

How purblind is the world, that such a monster
In a few durty acres swadled, must
Be mounted in opinions empty scale,
Above the noblest virtues that adorn
Souls that make worth their center, and to that
Draw all the lines of action! Worn with age
And wounds to a neglected skeleton
The noble Souldier sits, whilst in his Cell
The Scholar stews his Catholique brains for food.
The Traveller return'd, and poor may go
A second pilgrimage to Farmers doors, or end
His journey in a Hospital: few being
So generous to relieve where vertue doth
Necessitate to crave. Harsh poverty,
That moth which frets the sacred robe of wit,
Thousands of noble spirits blunts, that else
Had spun rich threads of fancy from their brain.
But they are souls too much sublim'd to thrive
Amongst those crudities of men, that fill
The nauseous stomach of the times with flesh
Unsalted with the active souls of men.
But I'm no Satyr, rather now possest
With Loves more gentle spirit, which hath charm'd
Me into strange attempts; assist me Fate;
Few dayes will ruine or advance my state. *Ex.*

Souldiers passe the Stage, Creon *and* Lew. *dragging in* Buff. *and* Gud. *in new clothes.*

Cre. Nay, now you are hamper'd Rogues: disobey authority!

Bu. ——Oh *Gudgeon*----they wool durt our new clothers.

Lew. Lie close you vermin. *They bind them.*

Gud. I ha not known hop munday at this time oth' year.

Bu. Stand upon thy guard page. *They gag them.*

Cre. Gape *Gudgeon*———so, now do not talk
Your selves hoarse, this heavy carriage
Shall not trouble you. *Pick their pockets.*

Lew. Farewel---farewel---do not defile your lodging. *Ex.*

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Shall not trouble you. *Pick their pockets.*

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Enter ſome ſtragling Souldiers with Wenches.

Wen. ——— A prize ——— a prize my lads;
How came you hither Sirrah ——— ha?

Bu. Oh ——— Oh ——— Oh!

Wen. What canſt not ſpeak, the rogues are gagg'd.

1. *Sou.* Alas poor fellowes ——— help unbind them

Wen. Hang them vagabond rogues, they are ſome rich
Bores Ile warrant them, that have abuſed poor Souldiers:
---- here puny--- change thy hat and thy ſword.

2. *Sou.* Theſe are ſome reliques of their Grand-fathers
Blades that have been tryed in the firſt Punick war;
Here, ſhalt have mine in exchange--- and liberty to boot.

Wen. Nay, no haſt to be gone Sir, this Coat will ſell
To the next Countrey Landlord--- yet agen,
Theſe Boots will ſerve an honeſter man.

1. *Sou.* Nay, thou art uumerciful ---

Wen. Marry gip you milkſop fool, thou wert beſt
Go barefoot ſo thy conſcience wear ſocks; why man,
This is the farmers eldeſt whelp, coupled with
A carter, they know how to ſwaddle their legs
In ſtraw--- do you not boobies---

Buſ. Yes--- forſooth Miſtris.

Wen. Nay, I ſhould teach you manners, had I the tutoring of you. *Ex. Souldiers and Wenches.*

Enter Zannazarro *and* Eurione.

Eur. Do not, Brother, venture too boldly on this piercing aire.

Surg. It's dangerous, Sir, and may recall your feaver.

Zan. I thank your care, but owe ſo much unto
Your art, that my recovered ſpirits tell me
They are ſtrong enough to ſtrugle with diſeaſe,
Yet Ile not long tempt danger, only a while
Sit and behold yon greedy flames convert
My Fathers palace to his funerall pile.
---- Oh *Eurione*, *Ex. Surg.*
To what ſad period drives our haſty fate!
We--- we of all our houſe remain to be

The

The mockery of fortune. Poor girle---we muſt
Ere long be led to grace the triumphs of
A lawrel'd Conquerer, thorow the throng
Of the inſulting multitude, whoſe mirth
Our miſeries will be, from thence be hal'd
To ignominious death, and far remov'd
From the fam'd urnes of our dead anceſtors,
With theeves and murtherers mix our injured duſt.
In all their Annals, our wrong'd names ſhall be
Branded with ignominious Epithets.
Our gardian Angels vainly did protect us
Beyond the ruins of our family;
That ſhower of bloud dropt pretious balm, compar'd
With thoſe prodigious ills that fall in this.
---Why did I ſuffer all thoſe channels to
Be ſtopt that drain'd the crimſon ſea of life?
Were not my hands chain'd in my love to thee,
I would again rend ope each orifice
And ſet thoſe conduits going, which are now
Lockt in reſtrictive medicines.
Eur. Do not Brother
Unthrone thy ſoul with this unmanly paſſion,
Prop with diſdain, that falling pyramid
Which in the loweſt ebb of fortune may
Sit high as Sceptred Kings, and by the ſtrength
Of paſſive fortitude repell the beams
Of our malignant ſtars, though darted down
With barbed vengeance on us. Thoſe calm ſouls
Feel not the war of fierce affliction, which
Preſerves heavens peace within their quiet breſts.
The bittereſt pils earth ſteeps in gall, are but
That healthfull phyſick, which the ſickly mind
Diſtaſts, but languiſhes without into
A ſwift conſumption of its former virtues.
I know thy breſt fill'd with too great a ſpirit
To let in ſuch ignoble gheſts as fear.
And ſhouldeſt thou nurſe a meaner thought of me,
'Twould ſtrike a bluſh upon the aſhes of

Our noble Mother, which could ne'r conceive
So mean a thing in great *Zoranzas* bed.
Zan. Now thou art sister to the noblest thoughts
My soul extracts from weak humanity.
---This balm hath cur'd all mine internal wounds.
Eur. Then prethee take a care not to offend thy other.
Zan. My honoured Gardian--- *Enter Oroan.*
Oro. Brave *Zannazarro*, I'm glad to see the bloud
Sit in such healthful symptoms on thy cheeks,
My Princes mandates now inforcing me
Unto a swift removal----Fair *Eurione*
I have more offerings here to pay, but yet
Am too unsanctified.
Eur. Those vows, my Lord, my death will soon discharge.
Oro. I am commanded by a power above me;
But should my victory dip her lawrels in
Your blouds, my own should wash the tincture off,
And with your Cypress wreath their wither'd branches.
But fairer hopes in my thoughts busie wars,
Support the ruins of my falling stars.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Creon *and* Lewcippus, *one in the habit of a Souldier, the other of a Dancing master.*

Cre. S-death! thou look'st as if thou wert newly unfetter'd *Lewcippus*, since thou skip'st into this Dancing suit, but methinks thy legs are hardly fine enough for thy profession. Canst caper? --- Let's see.
Lew. As well as thou canst tosse a pike my
Valiant Hector——thou walk'st in such state
As if thou comest Crown'd from *Olympus*;
Or for a reward of thy valor wert to be
Elected King of the *Romans*.

Cro. No,

Cro. No, a Knight of *Malta* would ſerve the turn:
And that if our deſign proſper, I may bid fair for.
Lew. We ſhall no more need to march in back-lanes to ſhun Catch-poles——hiſt——here comes the old Courtier and new Lord——— *Enter* Arratus
Ar. Save you noble Gallants, and my very
Good Friends.
Cre. That he never ſaw before.
Ar. Let the word of a Gentleman confirm you welcome.
Lew. We had rather have the deeds.
Ar. You ſhall be both reſpectively entertain'd
In your ſeveral functions.
For thou my nimble Lad———
We'l dance Levalto's lighter then the air
When it cuts capers from the mountains tops.
My Nephew's hours of mirthful recreation
Shall by thy lighter genius be diſpos'd.
But there is valour in the Boy that will
I doubt diſdain the ſport, I know his humor
If he be of the right bloud of the *Buffonies*,
He will be all for Turnaments, and fighting duels
———I will ſeem not to like it, but it was my
Own humor when I was young, I believe the
Countrey hath beſtowed education on him in that kind
According to his natural worth———
——Wherefore——my noble Corydon——
Cre. I am no Shepherd Sir.
Ar. I cry thee mercy, my brave Herculean ſoul,
I mean, what de'e call them——the followers of (wench.
The ſullen *Greek* that would not fight for the loſſe of his
Lew. *Achilles* and his Myrmidons.
Ar. Thou haſt hit it——thou haſt hit it
My ſingle ſol'd Raſcal, I mean the Myrmidons:
Pox on't! I forget theſe hard names; truth is,
I hold it beneath a man of quality to ſpend
His time among moth-eaten books, and leave the
More generous recreation of Dogs and Hawkes; ſome
Shreds of Poetry pickt up among the ſcoundrel
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His time among moth-eaten books, and leave the
More generous recreation of Dogs and Hawkes; ſome
Shreds of Poetry pickt up among the ſcoundrel
Players:

Players are all that I make use of;
Yet I honour men of Art and Gallantry.

Cre. Tis not my use to boast my own perfections,
I've seen some petty portions of the world,
Serv'd under *Cæsar* in the *British* wars,
Assisted *Crassus* in the *Parthian* Conquest,
Been with *Porsenna* at the siege of *Rome*,
With *Xerxes* when his Army swallowed *Greece*,
And fought for *Pompie* in *Pharsalia's* field,
But my last piece of service was to fight
For brave *Adrastus* in the *Theban* war.

Ar. Now by my soul a noble warrier;
But how met you with this man of art?

Cre. In my travels——and I protest stangely;
As I was passing over the *Lybian* deserts, I lighted upon the Grand Signiors Court, and being invited by him into the *Seraglio* to see his Concubines, there skipt into this Gentlemans acquaintance, he being one of those rare Artists kept to edifie the doxies.

Ar. Now by my honour a strange encounter:
——What are these—— *Ent. Buf. and Gud.*

Ser. Your Nephew Sir *A Servant.*
And his attendant——

Ar. How, are you son to *Carlo Buffonie?*

Bu. I am the young Gentleman Sir, and as simple
As I stand here, chad better clothers
When's come from home.

Ar. And how came you to lose them Couzen?

Bu. We met with some vermin Zodiars that plunder'd us.

Ar. Alas poor Couzen! and who furnisht you
With these new fashion'd Boots?

Gu. They are the workmanship of my own hands.

Bu. My man *Gudgeon* is right, a man of knowledge
Nunckell Ile warrant you.

Gu. I will serve your worship in the same kind
Upon any occasion, I have not been a servant
To your brother honest Gotfer *Carlo* so long for nothing.

Ar. Thou sayest well friend, I shall imploy thee.

My

My noble friends, I ſhall refer my kinſman to
Your care, call for what money you ſhall ſee
Occaſion of to furniſh him with all the gallantry
He is yet capable of; I could wiſh he had
Been better prepar'd for tutors ſo ingenious,
But hope to ſee the ſudden effects of your skill.
Lew. Sir, we ſhall do our beſt indevours---
Come my ill clad gallants, we will change your
Ruſty Swords for glittering Rapiers,
Your Ruſſets into Scarlet, and feed
Your horſes with your boots.
Buf. What becomes of our breeches then *Gudgeon?*
Gu. We will ſend them home to old Maſter,
They will ſerve for a change. *Ex. Om.*

Enter the King, an Ambaſſador as from Cyprus.

Kin. How full of fatall changes are our lives!
What is't to be a Monarch, and yet live
Trembling at every blaſt of paſſion thus!
When all my thoughts in the fair hopes were calm'd
Of *Heroina's* ſafe arivall, then
Even then to have them ſmother'd in this cloud
Of cur'ſt intelligence——Oh *Glorianda!*
Each ſtar is dropt out of my heaven of joy;
All our intended triumphs muſt convert
To funerall obſequies, our Lawrels be
Wreathed o're with Cypreſs, and the Tyrian robe
Strike all its ſplendor to an Ebon vail.
Glo. Your grief is yet but weak ſuſpitions birth,
And happily may prove abortive, Sir.
Kin. Poor girle!
Thou faln wouldſt into comfort flatter us,
But the malignity of ſorrow can
Admit no cordials, when its meager fiſt
In all her functions graſps the ſtrugling ſoul.
Hear him unravel the black clew that led
Me into this dark labyrinth of grief,
And tell me then where I have ever left
Hopes to eſcape the Minotaure of paſſions.
Glo. Shall I my Lord

Burthen you with the weight of this ſad ſtory.
Emb. Your will commands each motion of my ſoul,
Though to a ſad obedience——Know then fair Princeſſe
When firſt our full ſpread ſailes were pregnant grown
With proſperous gales of wind, and all our hopes
Swel'd equall to their full ſtrecht wombs, and we
With joy beheld proud *Ætnaes* gloomy top
And ſleighting *Neptune* did begin to pray
To our domeſtick Lars, even then
A ſpightful ſtorm ſtretch't on the wings of all
The clamorous winds, proclaims a combat, and
Chuſes our latitude the fatall liſts.
The Suns fair mirrour curles her even brow,
Whil'ſt white arm'd waves catch at the clouds, and fall
Like liquid Mountains on our ſinking Ships,
Our rent ſails hang on tops of rocks, our cords
Crack like the fibers of a dying heart,
The frighted Sailer more diſtracted then
The elements into confuſion ſtartles,
The Maſter vainly cals for help, till by
An angry wave waſht off, he loſes all
His hopes ith' Seas unfathom'd womb. Whil'ſt in
Theſe full mouth'd oathes natures intemperate ſot
Swore our deſtruction, a calm gales ſoft breath
Fans off diſpair, we now behold none but
Pacifick Seas, but in this new born light
No beam of comfort dwelt we by it ſeeing
Nought but the ſcatter'd ruins of our Fleet
Which dreſt the floud in funerall pomp, but wha-
Stroke moſt amaze, that Veſſel where we had
Treaſur'd our hopes, the Princeſſe ſhip was loſt.
Glo. A ſad relation.
Kin. Oh but too true, too true my *Glorianda*,
Devouring Seas have couſen'd our imbraces.
—— But ſhall I loſe her thus? go gather all
Thoſe Ships that owe obedience to this Ile
And let their ſquadrons cloud the Sea, untill
You find her out, or elſe, by all that's good,

Thy

Thy life, though an unworthy ſacrifice,
Shall fall an offering to her fathers loſſe.
Emb. I go ——— though in deſpair to ſpeed. *Ex Emb.*
Enter Oroandes, Zannazarro, Eurione.
Oroandes *kneeling, preſents the priſoners.*
Oro. Thus only may your enemies encounter
Thoſe beams of ſacred majeſty that ſhine
Through you from the *Sicilian* diadem.
Kin. Riſe noble Souldier, high in our love as wonder
——— Thus joy encounters grief, but is to weak
For ſuch a foe ——— are theſe thy victorious trophies?
There's ſomething in their looks that argues worth,
Were it not clouded in Rebellions maſk.
But that's a ſin whoſe black infection ſtrikes
Damps to the heart of Monarchie, and cannot
Be nurſt within a States ejecting womb
Without diſtempering every vitall part.
It was thy mercy when the obſtructed ſword
Like lightning fled, and left their lives untoucht,
And now our juſtice muſt perfome that taſk.
Glo. I more then doubt poor *Zannazarros* ſafety,
Some of loves old ingredients yet remain.
Kin. ——— Why ſo much woman, *Glorianda?*
Thou but miſpend'ſt thy pity, fooliſh girl,
Upon an object, which if not remov'd
Would ſoon eclipſe the brightneſſe of our ſtars.
——— Go call the Prieſts of *Mars* and *Pallas* hither.
Oro. At what wilde fury reaches this diſcourſe?
If at his anger hell lights torches to
Lead them into deſtruction, there muſt fall
Some ſhowers of bloud to quench them.
Enter Prieſts.
Kin. Here take the priſoners to your charge, and let
Thoſe ceremonies be perform'd, by which
The tainted bloud of ſacrifices are
Made incenſe for the gods; ſee them prepar'd
Ere the next morning gilds the earth, delay

Shall pluck no feathers from the wings of vengeance.
--- S-death! what does't curd your bloods? go bear them off,
That brow that dares contract it ſelf into
A frown had better meet a thunderbold.
Glo. O they are loſt, for ever loſt! *Ex.* Zan. Eurio.
Oro. Is't grief, or reverence that unnerves me thus?
--- Oh my ſoul---thou art too weak--too faintly weak
To move beneath the Chaos of theſe woes!
Kin. Now *Orondes* I have time to imbrace thee,
And hug this cabinet of virtue, which
Contains thoſe jewels by whoſe ſoverain price
Our ſafety was redeem'd. But I have not
In all thy abſence let thy goodneſſe drop
Out of my thoughts, witneſſe this Lady, in
Whoſe virgin breſt I've ſtrove to plant thy worth,
Untill her ſympathizing virtue might
Nurſt to maturity, which to improve, Ile leave
You to Loves fair Elizium, Privacie.
Oro. I am——your vaſſal Sir, but cannot pay
Oblations due to ſo immenſe a love. *Ex. King.*
Glo. Whither ſtarts my degenerate ſpirits! ——I was born
Of Parentage high as *Sicilies* King;
And though their death made him my Gardian, yet
May be allowed the freedom of my choice.
The converſation of our youth had nurſt
A Cupid in each eye, ere *Zannazarro*
Fore't by a fathers high aſpiring pride
Forſook's obedience to the Crown, and then
A mutual love mixt our ſouls currents in
One ſilver ſtream of joy, and ſhall I now
Buy it with pride, 'cauſe his dejected ſtate
Unveſted of its gaudy honour ſtands?
——No——let his titles ſacrifices fall
Unto his guilt, ſo I may him injoy.
Oro. ——She weeps--- ſure there is more in this
Then yet my thoughts can fathome:
If it be love to *Zannazarro*, perhaps we may
Prevail by our united prayers----Pardon Lady
My unbecoming rudeneſſe, I have ſorrows

That

That like my evill Genius on my ſoul,
Sit cloath'd in ſables that obſcure the light
Of beauties rayes.----
Glo. You need no mask to walk ith' Moonlight Sir,
But were there flames to quench you, I ſhould ſhed
Tears large enough to quench the riſing fire.
Oro. We are not like to thrive in love that plant
The ſprightly fruit in ſuch a watery ſoyl.
Glo. Yet our affections are perhaps of kin,
Did we diſcover their originall.
----Let's both diſvellop truth my Lord, I bluſh not
To let you know theſe tears are only ſhed
To mollifie thoſe ſtubborn deities
That ſway brave *Zannazarroes* fate.---And think
Yours ſympathize in a relation near
As is 'twixt him and fair *Eurione.*
Oro. Oraculous truth! ---- Dear Lady, let me kiſſe
This hand the index to ſo brave a heart,
And on it ſeal allegiance to your heart.
Our ſouls could nere have met a nearer way,
But in the rode of wedlock, this hath claſpt
All the black lines of our affections in.
One volume, though by natures hand tranſcrib'd
In different chara[illegible] but oh! it lies not
In our united pra[illegible]or to releaſe
The objects of our love from thoſe ſtrict bands
Our Princes rage fetters their ſafety in.
Glo. All violence would wear the ugly brand
Of Sacriledge, elſe I would try the power
Of all my Kingdom to ſupport their fates.
Rhegium holds many active ſpirits that would
Bear his proud anger with as high a flame,
Should I but ſtir what now conceals their hate.
Oro. ———I have an Army too
Not yet disbanded, which would gladly kindle
Their diſcontents at the leaſt beam of mine,
The airy weight of a few would ſet
The fatall engin going; but my bloud
Shrinkes to its center at rebellions name,

And

And as if tainted with the thought from thence
Scatters an ague through my limbs. If all
Our prayers, when mounted on the wings of love,
Cannot prevail, let's mix our blood with theirs,
And Martyrs die to our adored saints.

Glo. I shall do something too, something that may
Preserve my name in sanguin characters.
But first let's visit him, perhaps those engins
That batter heaven, may shake his marble brest.

Oro. My prayers shall wait on yours; and if denied,
A lover die, not live a regicide. *Ex. om.*

Enter a Taylor with a new suit, a Hatter, Shoomaker, Spurrier, with other Tradesmen.

1. *Tra.* Come neigbours, shal's crack each one's our
Kan before the Gentleman comes.

2. *Tra.* Our Kans, hang the muddle horsedrench,
Let's drink each of us our groat square off
Brisk sack, this forain liquor but
Adulterates our bloods.

3. *Tra.* As many of your wives does your beds.

1. *Tra.* How this coxcombly boy p[illegible]
Because he hath nere a one of his ow[illegible]
We shall shortly have him buy the feesim[illegible]
Of a piece of land, that hath been broke
Up to his hand in the Countrey.

3. *Tra.* Did your easie entrance inform you,
Your own was such?

2. *Tra.* Go to Sirrah, you are a sawcie boy
To prate thus to antient men and thy betters.
I tell thee, both my neighbor and
My self are town-born children,
And have born offices,
And before thy head was hot to some of us.

3. *Tra.* But not before your own was horn'd Sir.

1. *Tra.* How you impudent rascall! a little more would make me lay my yard about your ears.

3. *Tra.* But

3. *Tra.* But take heed you do not break him; for I have heard though you are double yarded, your wife wants her full measure.

1. *Tra.* I protest I will complain to the officer and make him prove it.

2. *Tra.* Hist——you prating coxcomb——here comes the Gentleman. *Enter* Lewcippus.

1. *Tra.* God save your good worship.

2. *Tra.* We are glad to see your worship well.

Lew. Come——what have you brought here?---let's see your bils, thou should'st be a man of might by the largeness of thy weapon, but without help of thy shears I will pare off half——there, nay take it without grudging, and set thy hand to the receipt.

1. *Tra.* Nay, I beseech your good worship to consider a poor Tradesman, our taxations are heavy.

Lew. Tush! you were born to be made slaves off, come, thy hand.

1. *Tra.* To the whole bill Sir?

Lew. S-death! you crosse leg'd cur, d'ee snarl? thou wert better eat thy pressing iron then reply another word---come you with the taffaty face, thy blew apron fits not methodically friend——I protest thy conscience is made of sarcenet, pure and tender as thy wives new blancht cheeks----hast thou set thy hand to the bill?——how! my money will not hold out——but I will send anon----that satisfies.

2. *Tra.* Most aboundantly, an't please your worship.

Lew. My jolly Caisnin, thou must grant the same curtesie.

3. Oh Lord sir, your worship may command.

Lew. Thou deservest to be heir apparent to Sir *Hue*, and to have thy apron a perpetuall winding sheet to hir bones; come along with me, and transport your commodities, 'tis your Indiaes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Arratus, Carlo, Creon.

Arr. Signiour, you are welcome.

Car. I thank your Lordship---- intruth so shall your Nephew be to my house----and to my daughter too--- or she and

And as if tainted with the thought from thence
Scatters an ague through my limbs. If all
Our prayers, when mounted on the wings of love,
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Arr. He will not long be abſent Sir, but is that wild head *Vanlore* dead ?

Car. This Gentleman can beſt inform you.

Cre. It was my fortune to cloſe his dying eyes.

Car. Captain, not a word of our bargain. *Car. aſide.*

Cre. Swounds ! d'ee think my neck itches for a halter ?
Poor *Vanlore* ---- he was a Gentleman whoſe memory
My love to worth ingages me to honour.
Was this not well diſſembled old boy ? *Aſide.*

Car. Rarely----thou mayſt be ſecretary to the Devil.

Arr. My Nephew---Sir---

Enter Buff. Lew. Gudgeon.

Car. God ſave you noble Sir---you'r happily encounter'd.

Buf. Would the old fellow beg ſomething Tutor ?
We will give him *Gudgeons* old clothers, they are better then his.

Lew. Not too loud---this muſt be your father---law.

Arr. Nephew, take notice of this Gentleman, you may hereafter call him father.

Gud. He ſhould ha better clothers firſt and I were as my Maſter----he had as good a father as this at home.

Buf. Peace fool and let your Maſter talk --- how lik'ſt this Cloak---and ſword---and boot old boy---ha !

Lew. You are too rude-- obſerve his gravity.

Buf. Why, no matter as long as I talk loud enough ;
Doeſt keep any dogs old boy ? Ile courſe my fathers
Crop-ear'd bitch with thee for vorty groats.

Lew. Fie---fie, you muſt lay no wagers under pounds.

Buf. Why then pounds let it be---or we have a forehorſe of our own breed ſhall draw with ere a horſe in *Syracuſe*.

Lew. Fie, this is diſcourſe too vulgar.

Buff. Why, did you not tell me 'twas Gentleman like
To talk of nothing but Dogs and Horſes?

Gud. Yes, and Whores too Maſter.

Buf. Thanks good memory----Ile begin.

Lew. ---Not for a world before your uncle *Aſide.*

That

That is discourse for Taverns---betwixt the drinking scenes,
Whilst men take breath to throw away estates;
There you may vie obscenity, and lard
Your dry discourse with oathes---but must be civill here.

Car. His Tutor's giving him good counsell.

Air. He is a Gentleman I'm wondrous happy in, for wholesome precepts.

Car. Will you not give him leave to visit my poor house?
My Lord---his company will be pretious.

Arr. Sir I intended he should wait on you home.
Captain it is our pleasure, you attend him.
The Citie's full of swaggerers, and he something rash.
---Nephew---we'l leave you to attend this Gentleman;
Bring me word how thou lik'st fair *Theocrine*. *Ex.*

Car. Come Signior, will you walk?

Buf. Nay pray Sir go before. *Ex. om.*

Enter Orondes *alone.*

Oro. All yet is silent, dark and secret, as if
The powers of night did favour my intent.
Pardon you Gods that have a residence
Within this sacred roof, if I profane,
You are the authors of it, if you own
Affections cloth'd in robes immaculate
As martyr'd Saints imbrace their sufferings in,
Such sure are mine, witnesse that blood---which when
Warm'd with the pride of victory did grow
Too cold to hatch the embryoes of a sin,
Though there were flames of beauty large enough
To thaw an Anchorite. Pity me then, just powers,
And spare your guiltlesse sacrifice. This hour,
This dismall silent hour, is near the time
In which the Priest, with hidden mysteries
To purge his offering from all the staynes
Of secret thoughts, into this Temple comes---I do not know
What earthquakes cold divinity may breed
Within my brest, but sure he must be more
Then man that beares her hence, unlesse he wears
My life upon his sword---- But I am vain,

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What earthquakes cold divinity may breed
Within my breast, but sure he must be more
Then man that bears her hence, unlesse he wears
My life upon his sword---- But I am vain,

Nought but the Gods arm'd with destructive thunder
Are gardians of this place, which if this act
Be black and sinfull, will, when purpl'd in
The guilt on't hurl me into hell-- if not
Protect my bold indevors--- They come

He withdraws.

Enter Eurione *led by the Priest of* Minerva, *in his hand a Censer burning, at which having lighted the tapers he unvailes her.*

Pri. Hail noble Virgin---more to be ador'd
Then she whom our fond superstition makes
Our Common-wealths Protectresse.

Eur. What language do I hear?---are you her Priest,
And dare prophane your own *Miverna* thus?

Pri. I would not have your judgment Lady look
On us with much deluded eyes, to think
We pay a private adoration to
This gilded marble, only deified
By some unperfect souls unworthy fear
Whose reason darkned, flew to fancy for
Relief, and from those vain idea's fram'd
Those tutelary powers, which wiser men
Pretend devotion to, only to awe
Irregular humanity into
A dull obedience to their power, which were
Mad to adore those deities they make.

Eur. Oh horrid blasphemy!
Are these the hallowed mysteries you use
To sanctifie your offerings with, or is't
Your Cruelty now I am neer the steep
And dangerous precipice of death to flagger
A feeble womans faith, that so your mortall
May passe to an eternal punishment?
Had I no drop of bloud but what had been
Fir'd with a feaver of hot lusts, the graves
Cold damps unfetter'd by your Princes doom

Had

Had long ere this extinguisht them. My soul
The warm imbraces of her flesh is now
Even now forsaking, this frail body [illegible]
Like a lost feather fall from off the wing
Of vanity, ere many minutes lie
A lump of loth'd corruption, foul enough
Without being with so black a sin deform'd.

Pr. Deluded innocence! think you that fate should rob
Me of the glorious treasure of your beauty,
Soon as I had injoyed it? What though you are
With your heroick Brother destin'd to
Confirm a simple Princes zeal; I know
Wayes to evade it that shall make him tremble
To touch this sacred beauty, with a reverence
Holy as that he payes unto the Gods,
Whilst you (though now) ordain'd to die a Martyr
Shall live a Saint among the sacred number
That in this temple spend their happy hours
In silent close delights, such as do make
The amorous soul spring in the womb of fancy:
Here every hour that links the chain of life
We fill with pleasures, yet nere feel their surfets,
Degenerate to that pale disease of fear
The ignorant world cals Conscience.

Eur. How strangely lies the Devill here disguiz'd
Within the masque of age and holiness?

Pr. Of age! ——look here *Eurione*,

Throws off his ornaments.

Is this a face to be despis'd?——be not amaz'd,
The holy reverence which the people bear
Unto my office, keeps me so much stranger
Unto their knowledge, that I still may be
Secure within the shade of a disguize,
Pleasing the sprightly Vestals, which my youth
Knows better how to do then feeble age.
Had not that excellence of beauty which
Appears in you bright as men fancy Angels,
I had not stoop'd to this discovery, but

Nought but the Gods arm'd with destructive thunder
Are gardians of this place, which if this act
Be black and sinfull, will, when purpl'd in
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And dare prophane your own *Miverna* thus?

Pri. I would not have your judgment Lady look
On us with much deluded eyes, to think
We pay a private adoration to
This gilded marble, only deified
By some unperfect souls unworthy fear
Whose reason darkned, flew to fancy for
Relief, and from those vain idea's fram'd
Those tutelary powers, which wiser men
Pretend devotion to, only to awe
Irregular humanity into
A dull obedience to their power, which were
Mad to adore those deities they make.

Eur. Oh horrid blasphemy!
Are these the hallowed mysteries you use
To sanctifie your offerings with, or is't
Your Cruelty now I am neer the steep
And dangerous precipice of death to stagger
A feeble womans faith, that so your mortall
May passe to an eternal punishment?
Had I no drop of blood but what had been
Fir'd with a feaver of hot lusts, the graves
Cold damps unfetter'd by your Princes doom

Had

Had long ere this extinguisht them. My soul
The warm imbraces of her flesh is now
Even now forsaking, this frail body quits,
Like a lost feather fall from off the wing
Of vanity, ere many minutes lie
A lump of loth'd corruption, foul enough
Without being with so black a sin deform'd.

Pr. Deluded innocence! think you that fate should rob
Me of the glorious treasure of your beauty,
Soon as I had injoyed it? What though you are
With your heroick Brother destin'd to
Confirm a simple Princes zeal; I know
Wayes to evade it that shall make him tremble
To touch this sacred beauty, with a reverence
Holy as that he payes unto the Gods,
Whilst you (though now) ordain'd to die a Martyr
Shall live a Saint among the sacred number
That in this temple spend their happy hours
In silent close delights, such as do make
The amorous soul spring in the womb of fancy:
Here every hour that links the chain of life
We fill with pleasures, yet nere feel their surfets,
Degenerate to that pale disease of fear
The ignorant world cals Conscience.

Eur. How strangely lies the Devill here disguiz'd
Within the masque of age and holiness?

Pr. Of age! ——look here *Eurione*,

Throws off his ornaments.

Is this a face to be despis'd?——be not amaz'd,
The holy reverence which the people bear
Unto my office, keeps me so much stranger
Unto their knowledge, that I still may be
Secure within the shade of a disguize,
Pleasing the sprightly Vestals, which my youth
Knows better how to do then feeble age.
Had not that excellence of beauty which
Appears in you bright as men fancy Angels,
I had not stoop'd to this discovery, but

With the ſeverity of my office led
You to inevitable death, which now
My love redeems you from, if with a fair
Conſent you meet the vigour of my paſſion.
Eu. Witneſſe you Gods that ſee my ſoul diſvellop'd
From every thought of earth, how much more willingly
I would ſubmit my ſelf to the imbraces
Of crawling wormes, the cold inhabitants
Of ſilent dormitories, then to have
My dying hopes warm'd into life again
By thoſe wilde fires of thy prodigious luſts.
No impious villain——when ghaſtly horror makes
A giddy circle round thy death-bed---and
Thy ſins like Furies all appear to fright
Thy trembling ſoul from her laſt ſtage of life,
When thou ſhall curſe thy birthday, and implore
Eternall darkneſſe to obſcure thee from
Heavens all diſcerning eye, this ſin ſhall not
Make up a link o'th everlaſting chain.
Pr. Muſt I be then denied, fond girl!—thou haſt
Precipitated all the hopes of life
By this abortive virtue, unleſſe thou canſt
Command a guard of thoſe imaginary
And helpleſſe deities to circle thee
In forms more dreadful then the night, or death
Preſents them to our fears, no power ſhall ſave thee,
Thy prayers are ſown on unrelenting rocks
Mixt with a wilderneſſe of air——through which
Thou'lt never find them in their wiſht effects.
Tuſh! this weak reſiſtance is in vain
The Virgin Goddeſſe ſtirs not.

She flies to the Altar.

Eu. Oh hear——hear me you ſacred powers,
And from your thrones look on an injured maid.
Pr. Poor fool----they'r deaf to thunder.
Eu. Some pitying God protect me.

Oroandes

Oroandes discovers himself and drawing his sword, runs at him.

Oro. ———Hold———hold,
There's thy reward———miss thee!
Sure there's no god protects thee.
———Impious Devil!———
Canst thou ere hope to shun me?
En. Oh gods! ——why was I wak'd to life again
To see the ruine of my honour?
———My *Oroandes*!——
Or hath some pitying deity
Possest thy shape to rescue me?
Oro. Eurione——my hallowed *Eurione*,
I'm too profane to touch thee yet, untill
Cleans'd in this villains scalding bloud, which must
Be shed an offering to thy injured virtue.

Offers at him, he falls on his knees.

En. Oh hold my *Oroandes*,
o not defile thy hands in humane bloud
Before such sacred witnesses as these,
Let his worse punishment be to survive
An act so wicked, till the dictates of
His conscience doth anticipate his hell.
Pr. My guilt amazes me, nor do I know
Whether with greater confidence to beg
Pardon from heaven, or you; so black, so foul
Are my attempts against both: but if confession
May be the harbenger of penitence
Although deform'd with sin, I shall disrobe
The blackest secrets of my soul, these flames
Of lust, whose dreadful blazes light me to
Future destruction, may perhaps conduct
You to a throne of safety. Hoping to
Obtain my black desires, when fear of death
Should be my moving advocate, I had

Lay'd counterplots for to prevent the fall
Of the intended ſtroak. If you make uſe
Of theſe contaminated robes, which I
Have more abus'd, you'l find their operation
In wonders ſeeming ominous, as thoſe
Which drive men to devotions laſt retreat.
Not that I wiſh for life, but fear to die
Ith' youthful vigour of my ſins, before
Repentance hath inſeebl'd them, I beg
Life from your mercy, which ſhall never be
Laviſht in pleaſures more, remov'd from all
The noiſe and buſineſſe of the world, Ile live
Attended only with my ſorrow, where
My private ſorrow may no object find
But my own gangren'd ſins to work upon.

Oro. The gods are pityful, and thou mayſt live to merit life eternally.
Canſt thou (my dear *Eurione*) forget thy wrong?

Eu. I elſe ſhould fear to goe where's fate conducting me.

Oro. Farewell ——— mayſt thou acquaint thy ſoul with heaven.

Takes up the Prieſts robes.

Come my fair ſacrifice, theſe robes can be
Never profan'd, worn to deliver thee.

Ex. om.

The end of the Second Act.

Act

Actus Tertius.

Officers belonging to the Temple set forth an Altar, others prepare a Throne, loud musick.

Enter the King crowned, Glorianda *and attendants, the King ascends the Throne, the rest place themselves.*

Kin. THou look'st too sadly *Glorianda*,
Though funerals do attend the day we're not
To wear the sables of our souls, whilst we
With sacrifices feast the deities.

Glo. My sadnesse is not grief Sir, only fear
How my frail temper may indure a sight
So full of horror----

Kin. We will support thee, here now only wants
Sick *Oroandes*, I hope it is not love that troubles him.

Glo. He is too wise Sir, inconsiderate women
Are greatest sufferers in that tyranny.

Kin. Yet let it not afflict thee girl,
He will do well again----

Loud musick, the Priest of Mars *enters at one side of the Altar leading* Zannazarro, *his armes bound in a crimson scarfe, crowned with bayes, after him two boyes with Censers and sacrificing instruments.*

Softer musick, at which enter Oroandes *dresst like the Priest of* Pallas, *leading in* Eurione, *her robe crimson, her armes bound with a white scarfe, Virgins in white bearing Censers.*

Kin. My rage begins to melt, I could even wish
They might survive the rigour of their doom.

Glo. Must

Glo. Muſt I ſee this and live?
No *Zannazarro*——here is my convoy to thee.
Draws a poniard.

The Prieſts lead the ſacrifices above the Altar, where unbinding their armes, they give them liberty of mutual imbraces.

Zan. So——now we have ended, my *Eurione*,
All our imployments on the earth——this is
The laſt of all our mortall enterviews.
The wheels of time worn on the road of age,
Will loſe their motion, ere we ſhall again
Meet in the robes of fleſh, which muſt ere that
Change to a thouſand ſhapes its varied duſt:
Yet ſtill (——dear girl) our ſouls unſeparable
Shall walk together to eternity.
Eur. Farewel dear Brother——if thy ſoul do take
Its flight ere mine——ſtay for me in the clouds.

They are bound and led to the Altar, where whilſt they kneel a Song from within, the Chorus *by the attendants to the Prieſts, who light the fire for the ſacrifice.*

The SONG.

See, each winde leaves Civill Wars,
The gods approve your Sacrifice,
And to behold it, all the Stars
look through the curtains of the skies.
Peace reigns through every element, Chorus.
Whilſt this fair pair to heaven are ſent.

Sparta's *dear* Iphigenia *died*
A ſpotted ſacrifice to this
Bright Nymph compared, whoſe Virgin pride
Sayes nature nought hath done amiſſe.
And yet this flower ſo choicely made Cho.
By deaths untimely ſtroke muſt fade.

Romes

Romes *honour'd* Decii *might have fought*
Under this youths command, yet been
More fam'd then when their valour brought
The bloud of foes, t' imbalm it in.
Yet this brave ſoul muſt fall before Cho.
With ages froſt he's tinſel'd o're,

What's falling now ſhall riſe more pure,
The fatall ſtroke but ſinks the Mine,
Whoſe oare this flaming calenture
Shall only for heavens Mint refine.
Go then and live where time ſhall be Cho.
Confounded in eternitie.

Prepare, prepare the fatall ſtroke
Which their fair threeds muſt ſeparate:
Goodneſſe may pity, not revoke
The inevitable doom of fate.
What their crimes were, let men forget, Cho.
No letters but heavens alphabet,
When mortals are from virtue fell,
Their vices ſhould in cenſure ſpell.

The Song ended, the Prieſts prepare to ſtrike. A clap of thunder, groans, and ſhrieks throughout the Temple, the Prieſts robes dropt over with bloud, the Images of the gods reverſt.

Kin. What horrid prodigies are theſe?
The gods are ſure grown angry with our prayers.
Pri. I have been long attendant on thoſe powers
Within this place ador'd, yet never ſaw
The gods thus moved before. We have profan'd
Something their knowledge cals Angelical.
Kin. Be gone theſe gaudy trappings of my pride,
This lowly duſt looks lovelier then a throne.

Glo. Muſt I ſee this and live?
No *Zannaxarro* —— here is my convoy to thee.
Draws a poniard.

The Prieſts lead the ſacrifices above the Altar, where unbinding their armes, they give them liberty of mutual imbraces.

Zan. So —— now we have ended, my *Eurione*,
All our imployments on the earth —— this is
The laſt of all our mortall enterviews.
The wheels of time worn on the road of age,
Will loſe their motion, ere we ſhall again
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Something their knowledge cals Angelical.
Kin. Be gone theſe gaudy trappings of my pride,
This lowly duſt looks lovelier then a throne.

Lies here no charme
To releaſe our fears?

Throwes off his crown and robe.

The Prieſt unties their ſcarfes, at which ſoft muſick from above, both the images turning again.

Pri. Here——here lies the guilt of our impiety,
The gods are pleas'd again, and thoſe whom we
Intended Martyrs muſt our Saints ſurvive.

Oroandes *throwes off his robes and diſcovers himſelf.*

Kin. Hah----*Oroandes*---what damn'd impoſture's this?

Glo. To what extent of miracle growes this!

Oro. The arguments of mercy from the gods
Imbolden me to ſeek the like from you.
My violent paſſions forc't my love into
Strange labyrinths of attempts. But what I firſt
Trembling with guilt did undertake, theſe miracles
Have prov'd legitimate. Arm'd with a high
But inconſiderate heat of fury, when
Eurione into the inmoſt room
Was of the temple brought, reſolv'd to bear
Her from the rigour of her doom, I had
Thither in private firſt conveigh'd my ſelf
Attending on the hour in which the Prieſt
With his ſad charge ſhould enter, which arriv'd
I that come there to offer ſacriledge
Unto that holy function, ſaw my ſelf
Ordain'd the inſtrument of heaven to free
Her from the hands of a foul raviſher,
The hallowed lights being only kindl'd to
Make way to th' injur'd object of his luſt,
His prayers to blaſphemies, his ſacred unction
To prophanations more obſcene then thoſe
That revell in the ſinks of ſin were turn'd.
The badges of a reverend age —— (theſe robes
The ſacred livery of heaven) thrown off
Appears a ſprightly gallant, fitter for
A champion to the ſtewes, then ſervant of

The

The injur'd gods, whose violence had not
My presence rescu'd her, had couzen'd heaven
Of your intended sacrifice to please
His own exuberate lust.

Kin. This dreadful story
Strikes trembling earthquakes through all my veins.
To what vast monster will our sins unchain'd
From fear of vengeance grow!

Oro. That this is true, witnesse those powers which own'd
That cause which I (though rashly) undertook.

Kin. Pardon me you diviner powers———I have
Been too neglective of the charge you gave me,
But will redeem it in my future zeal.
That villains bloud forc't out by torments shall
Begin the purple deluge———For you fair souls
I must forget those crimes heaven hath been pleas'd
Thus freely to forgive---rise higher in
Our favour then was that exalted story
From whence your father fell.

Oro. Mountains of grief fall from my burthen'd soul
In their delivery: but your soveraign mercy
Must either with one cordiall more relieve
My sickly hopes, or I am lost for ever

Kin. Thy actions speak thy wishes----here *Oroandes*
Take from my hand this gift of heaven----she's thine
By their decree. *Gives him* Eurione.
Glorianda *kneels.*

Glo. Ere your extended mercy shall contract
Its liberall hand, let me be happy in
The full fruition of my joyes----My love
To *Zannazarro*, though long smother'd in
His fates obscurity, must now break out
In cataracts of prayers, untill you make
Me so much sharer of the blessings of
This happy day to meet my hopes in him:

Kin. Thy thoughts arrive clothed in the robes of joy.
Here *Zannazarro*- --Imbrace in her thy happinesse.

Zan. With such a trembling pleasure bodies shall

Lies here no charme
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Was of the temple brought, reſolv'd to bear
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Attending on the hour in which the Prieſt
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This happy day to meet my hopes in him:
Kin. Thy thoughes arrive clothed in the robes of joy.
Here *Zannazarro*- --Imbrace in her thy happineſſe.
Zan. With ſuch a trembling pleaſure bodies ſhall

Encounter with their ſeparated ſouls.

Kin. Now all your ſeas are calm'd---only my bark
Still flags her wings beneath a tempeſts weight;
Yet will I ſtrugle with my griefs to ſhow
How much we to this dayes delivery owe.

Ex. om.

Enter Theocrine *and her maid.*

The. Good wench no more, thou'ſt tir'd me with this ſtory.

Mai. But had you ſeen it Miſtris you could never have been weary, it was the ſumptuouſeſt ſight that ever eyes beheld, the Kings good grace (God bleſſe him) is a brave man---- by my troth my thought it did me good to ſee him, but we were all overjoy'd when the ſacrifices were releaſt.

The. Prithy no more---the ſacrifice releaſt,
Happy are they---but I muſt die a ſacrifice to love,
No helpful Angel will vouchſafe to look
From his bleſt throne on me; my *Vanlores* ghoſt
Is now triumphing 'mongſt the Saints, and ſees
Or elſe regards not mine afflictions here.
A cruell Father firſt divorc'd what now
A harſher fate eternally divides.
But know my dear, where ere thy wandring ſpirit
Roves unappeas'd with ſacred ſunerall rites;
Thy *Theocrine* lives but to pay her tears
Oblations to thy memory, and will
Ne'r put off ſorrows ſable robe until
The mourning wreath ſhall knit my winding ſheet.
----Theſe were the bands wherewith we once confirm'd

Puls off a bracelet.

The obligations of our love----- but now
Are ſeals of my affliction----ſent me back
As meſſengers of his untimely fate.

Enter Carlo, *and* Vanlore *diſguized like a Mountibanck.*

Car. Look yonder ſhe is, in one of her fits I proteſt:
I doubt ſhe is craz'd, good Doctor behold her.

Van. Love

Van. Love——love——I see it by the beating of her pulse.

Ca. Why how now daughter, never out of these quandaries? Thou wilt spoil a good face with this puling.

Van. Your tres humble servitor Madam.

Car. Nay do not look so sleightly on him,
He hath promist me to cure thee wench,
He is a man of art——come forth of a strange countrey,
And knows more then a thousand of our dull Ilanders.

Van. Foh——they are buffones——horsleaches,
Know nothing more den the Farrier, how to give
A great drench——pig enough to break de horse
Belly——begar meer pisse-prophets,
De very spawn of de white wich, fellowes
Dat use no medicine but what day pick out
Of de hedge——not so virtuous as Madams
Old book of receipts——

The. Sir did you bring this fellow here to rail?

Car. Tis but his humor, *Theocrine*, give him way.

Van. Me scorn de stinking drugist, have no use of his horse loads of trash——Mine be de pure extract——de spirit of de Mineral, here be de Chimical pill, here de quintessence of balsom——dat which cures all solution of continuity though in de ventricles of de heart——but here be de grand Elixar, the soveraign medicine——that cured the great Mogul when he had been seven year sick of a Lethargy.

Car. Doctor——Ile leave her to your care.

Van. Me warrant dat shall cure her----come Madam
Begar you but dissemble---dis is no inveterate
Disease---me see no symptomes of it in your face,
Dere is no giddy rowling of the eye---no swelling
Of de veins about de forehead---nor does the
Pulse inform me but the systole and diastole
Keep due time---dis love to *Vanlore* be but a
Pretence, to free your self from him, you hate
The more deserving *Buffonie*.

The. If grief for him be my disease---thy honesty

Is as recoverable, now practiſe hath
Made the malignity inveterate,
Keep thy ſtrange termes of injur'd art to fright
The Ague or a toothake off---My griefs
Are grown beyond imaginary cures.

Van. Piſhaw---ſuppoſe you did once love him,
He be dead, and dere be better men dat ſeek your love,
I have encounterd with dat *Vanlore* in my
Peregrination, and found him to be a kickſhaw
---- A man of no worth.

The. Thou art a villain to abuſe the dead,
Had his deſerts crauled on the earth like thine,
Tis baſeneſſe to depreſſe them now he is
Above or elſe beneath all mortall hate;
But were he living, thy invectives might
Sully the Sun as ſoon as ſpot his fame.
Go then, and let the wondring multitude
Admire thee on a ſtage, come here no more
To ſcare away my private thoughts, the worſt
Of which more pleaſes then thy company.

Van. You will be of de oder mind, when I have freed
You of all de grief for *Vanlore*.

The. It muſt be by ſome ſpeedy means to caſt
This fleſh into the grave that mould of death,
There to be model'd for eternity,
Within whoſe everlaſting ſprings we ſhall
Meet with thoſe joyes whoſe blaſted embryo's were
Here made Abortive: If thou haſt a poyſon
Subtill as that the eyes of Baſilisks
Shoots forth deſtruction in, with more delight
Ile tak't then ere a fainting Patient did
Receive thy promiſt Cordials.

Van. What ſtronger confirmation needs then this? *aſide.*
She's conſtanter then times viciſſitudes.
----Yet Ile make good my word, *Throwes off his diſguize.*
----Receive my *Theocrine*
The promiſt cordiall, and approve my art.

The. My *Vanlore*! ---may I believe my eyes intelligence,

Or

Or is this joy deluded fancies birth?
Van. Reall as our affections, when we first
Assimilated souls in sacred vowes.
The. My joy hath almost rarified my spirits
Into a substance volatile as that
Which souls begin their separation in.
Support me, friend, with the relation of
Thy fatall story, or this surfeit will
Be near as dangerous as the dearth of hope.
Van. For fear thy father should prevent our story,
I must shrink under this dark vail again.
Puts on his disguize.
Tis a relation, *Theocrine*, will raise
Thy virtue in a blush---thy Father, Love---
---Thy cruell Father.
The. I alwayes doubted 'twas his wretched spirit
That rais'd this dangerous storm.
Van. It was---and by a means so full of wickednesse
I tremble to relate it---whilst I lay
Ith' Leaguer at *Ardenna*, he corrupts
Creon and *Lewcippus*, two mercenary slaves,
To do what he too long expected had
From the wars doubtfull fortune, but those villains
By his gifts thaw'd from their poverty,
Let forth in streams of luxurie their sins
Wilde Catarracts, untill the channell grew
So big it bore the Boyes of reason down,
And lets this secret in their midnight cups
Flow undescreetly out, which by a friend
Of mine inform'd of, from their poison I
Received my antidote, and knowing where
They had design'd the place to steal my life,
Thither prepar'd for my defence repair.
The place was cloth'd in privacy enough
To warrant them a safe retreat, if in
Their black design successefull, hoping to
Surprise me unawares; they here being hid
Attempt my life, but finding me prepared,

Had

Had with a guilty baſeneſſe fled if not
Inforc't by me, firſt to unravell all
This knot of villany, confeſſing how
Corrupted by thy fathers gold, they had
Sworn my deſtruction, which repenting, now
To merit mercy, they ingage as far
Towards my aſſiſtance, vowing to obey
What ever I commanded; and to ſhew
Their faiths example, this dear relique of
Shewes a Bracelet.
Our firſt affections give me, which receiv'd
With thoſe ſtrict bonds of baſe ſoul'd cowards (threats)
Chaining up their obedienee to my will.
I then inſtruct them with what meſſage they
Should cheat thy Fathers willing faith, thy token
Although the choiceſt Jewell of my ſoul
Truſting them with to ſtrengthen impudence
At their return, which done, I left the Army.

The. But wert unkinde,
Thus long to let me languiſh in deſpair.

Van. That only caſt a cloud on the deſign,
Thoſe villains laviſhing the time untill
Detected vice made them forſake the Army,
Whilſt I to live unknown repair'd unto
A troop of wilde Bandets, 'mongſt whom I have
(Though honour'd with their Captains title) liv'd
Till weary of their ſins; yet keep them ſtill
Friends to protect me when with thee I make
A ſafe retreat unto thoſe deſert haunts.

The. Teach me the way my *Vanlore*, though it lie
Through dangers greater then the midnight fears
Of ſickly brains fully their fancies with,
Through all Ile follow thee.

Van. Then my good angels cannot ſtay behind,
Thou muſt, my dear, pretend to love this fool,
Nay more, conſent to marry him.

The. How'! --- do not run dangerous hazards.

Van. We muſt or elſe lie ſtill at anchor here.

When

When thy consent ripens thy fathers joy,
Ours will grow neer maturity——this disguize
Will furnish me with means enough to know
The night-walks of his thoughts———by which we may
Proportion all our actions———he comes
This kisse, and bid thy *Vanlore* then farewell.

Enter Carlo.

Car. A skilfull man I protest, what store of implements he hath? Gally pots, Glasses, and Ventosses, I hope he hath done the wench good——save you Doctor; how thrives your indevour?——

Van. Prave——prave——better then we expected;
But me scorn to pipe forth mine own praises.
Madam speak for your self, and informe de old
Mounsieur your vader———

Car. ——How is it *Theocrine?* —— ha!——

The. Well Sir——as the harmonious musick of the spirits
Supplyed with air sprung from well temper'd bloud,
Composes all the organs of the soul.
Only in this calm sea of health I find
Some pleasing spirits hover 'bout my heart,
Things that till now I was not sensible
Of, since I first did love forgotten *Vanlore.*

Van. Now de magicall potion begins to work.

The. Forgive my disobedience Sir, *She kneels.*
My hate unto that worthy Gentleman
Your wisdom had provided for me, shall
Pay for redemption all the powers of love,
So you'l not punish it in the denying
That blessing which till now I cal'd a curse.
Shall your consent tell me I'm pardon'd Sir?

Car. With as much pleasure as I got thee girl.
Now thou hast reconcil'd my thoughts, my gold
Is not more cordiall then this blessed change,
Now I shall live to see thee happy in
Possession of a vast estate.

The. The man is unto me more pleasing Sir.

Car. So I would have him as long as he hath an

Eſtate to boot, I do not like when love grows
Daring, and encounter poverty, becauſe they
Imagine the threedbare ſuit adorn'd with a few
Needleſſe virtues.

Van. Vat dinke you now Signiour?

Car. That thou'rt a man of art incomparable,
As *Æſculapius* ſelf---- 'twas a cure eaſily done,
And therefore I hope will not ſtand me in much.
---- My good word ſhall be ready.

Van. Me be not mercenary, de generous Artiſt
Scornes all reward but what comes willingly.

Car. Saiſt thou ſo? then thou art for my turn,
I like when men will not exact---- Come, we will
Dine together, and then go viſit the Lord *Astrum*
Sprightly kinſman---- Come my girl.

Enter Creon, Lewcippus, Buffonie, Gudgeon, *Wenches*, *Servants*, *a Bawd.*

Cre. Come grannum, are they freſh and wholeſome, ſuch as may be tilted at and not indanger the head of the Lance?

Baw. Away you wag, d'ee think I would furniſh Cuſtomers with ware that ſhould not be for their turn? I proteſt they came to town but yeſterday. Since I dealt in the fleſhly occupation I have not had better.

Buf. Thou ſhall be payed well for them Punk,
There's gold---- and here's more left yet.

Baw. This is a Boy of mettle.

1. *We.* Let us alone to melt it mother, Come ſir, you are ſad.
If any ſervice---- of mine might pleaſe you, I will
Strive to ſhew activity in your content, let me lead
You to the private liſts of *Venus*, where
We'l make the bloud dance meaſures through our veins
Till warm'd with the delitious ſport it glews
Our wreath'd imbraces in extracted balm.

2. *Wen* We'l kiſſe you into extaſies, and make
Our breaſts the pillowes to repoſe your head.

1. *Wen.* We'l pleaſe each ſenſe with ſome delight. Your eyes

With

With unvail'd beauties whiter then the *Alps*,
Your touch with skins like poliſht Ivory ſmooth,
Your taſt ſhall ſurfet on the balm of lips,
For *Indian* gums, the fruitfull vally that
Lies underneath fair *Venus* mount ſhall ſend
Far more delightfull perfumes, and when tyred
With theſe delitious ſports, we will ſing
Your wearyed ſpirits into reſt.

2. *Wen.* And whilſt you ſleep our nimble fancies ſhall
Study ſome undiſcovered paſſage through
The corall banked ſtraights of love, with which
We'l entertain your naked innocence.

1. *Wen.* Our Banquets ſhall be all on Cordials, ſauc't
With ſtrong provocatives, whoſe ſprightly power
Each minute ſhall create new appetites.

Lew. The Wenches have raviſht him.

Buf. Who would not ſpend Eſtates upon theſe Ladies?
But have you ne'r an ordinary bit for my man *Gudgeon*?
I would not have him ſit idle.

Baw. Rather then he ſhall want imployment, I will
Venture my ſelf to give him a heat;
But he hath more mind to a Countrey dance
I ſee he is putting his feet in meaſure.

Gud. I wou't we had a Fidler here, I could foot it, I faith.

Baw. Shal's have a dance Gentlemen, I have an old
Stallion within that can play.

Buf. Call him good Grannum, and let's to't, can you dance Ladies?

Wen. We will do any thing that tends to your delight Sir. *Ent. Fidler.*

Baw. Come twirl thy guts up old ſqueaker.

Fid. Couple your ſelves, I am in tune.

Lew. Woot dance *Creon*?

Cre. Not I, the ſport's too light, let *Gudgeon* ſupply my place.

Baw. Come *Gudgeon*--thou and I--Play the ſhaking of the ſheets. *They dance. Knock within.*

 Within. --- Ho

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Within. --- Ho

Within. ---Ho---houſe---ho---what, all aſleep!

Baw. Hark the Collonel, and the reſt of the Blades
Are come---ſhall I call them hither?

Cre. No, we will wait on them, come Pupil,
We will acquaint you with the City Gallants.

Ex. om.

Enter three Bandeets, three Sailers meeting them.

1. *Sai.* Save you Gallants---where's our Captain?
Here is a prize for him worth a bording.

1. *Ban.* ---A lovely beauty--- S-death! how came you by her?

2. *Sai.* Where we found ſtore of other treaſure, nay our Trade at Sea will prove better then yours at Land.
But is not our Captain to be ſpoke withall?

2. *Ban.* Not now, he is imployed, but where we know not.

3. *Ban.* We expect his ſpeedy return, but till then I am his Viceroy in our Common-wealth.

3. *Sai.* Then take charge of this Lady, but let her be
Preſerv'd untoucht for him---and hark you Sir,
Be carefull of it---if her complaints inform
Him otherwiſe, you'l dearly ſuffer for it. *Whiſpers.*

Hero. What dreadful precipice of miſery are
My fullen fates deſcending---Can I hope
My honors ſafety, whilſt my body is
Commanded by theſe that no Law controuls?

1. *Ban.* Come Lady, you muſt now be a wilde inhabitant
Of theſe dark woods with us, yet do not weep,
Though our profeſſion ſeem to promiſe none,
Here you may finde civility.

Her. Pray heaven I may, my journey hither hath
Been full of ſtrange misfortunes---I have found
Crown'd expectations for captivity
Unhappily exchang'd.

Sai. Valiant Bandeets farewell---look to your charge.

3. *Ban.* With as much care as we would ſtrive to keep
Jewels, whoſe loſſe would ruine all our hopes. *Ex. Sai.*

3. *Ban.* Come

3. *Ban.* Come noble Lady---if your birth hath cloth'd
Honour in higher attributes, forgive
Our rudeneſſe, ſince the child of ignorance.
Her. Alas! what ere my birth hath been, I'm now,
A ſlave to you, and muſt forget thoſe vain
Airs of ambitious honour, ſo I may
But find civility enough to be
Protectreſs of my Virgin honor, all
My others will moſt willingly be ſpar'd,
Yet they are ſuch that were I known I might
Perhaps repair theſe broken fortunes which
Thus makes you run the hazard of the Law.
1. *Ban.* We wiſh this curtain of your fate may be
Swiftly withdrawn, till then, let all our vowes
Prevent your fears, the rudeneſſe of our lives
May be your trouble, but ſhall never grow
To a diſeaſe more dangerous.
Her. I live in hopes to gain ability
Of an extent ſo large as recompence. *Exeunt.*

Enter three Blades, Buff. and Gudgeon drunk, Drawers with Wine.

1. *Bla.* Stand up brother---come, our brains are not warm enough yet---fill out---here noble brother.
Buf. Thanks brother Collonel---I will pledge thee were it a Tub full---and pay for't too---here's gold enough.
2. *Bla.* Here---a health to my Lord *Arratus*.
Buf. Come to my Nunckel---there lies my hat.
3. *Bla.* Here *Gudgeon*, thou muſt have it too.
Gud. I ha more already then I can carry upright.
1. *Bla.* Round with another health --- here
To my brother *Buffonies* Lady.
Buff. That's the two yong Gentlewomen of the houſe---
Theſe be Gallants *Gudgeon*---ſons of fame.
Gud. She blew them from her breech.
2. *Blad.* Houſe---more Wine here, where be theſe Vermin? (Brother,
Buf. What will they not hear?---let's break down the doors

Within ---Ho---houſe---ho---what, all aſleep!

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Buf. What will they not hear?---let's break down the doors

Or fire the houſe——nay I am valiant too.

Knocks, a Wench looks out a the window.

Wen. Why, what d'ee mean there Gentlemen to beat my mothers doors down?

Buf. Some Wine and Wenches you Cockatrice.

Wen. You have too much already Sir, to ſleep——

1. *Bla.* Why you harpy, doeſt think we'l be confin'd to the Lobby.

Wen. You will have the greater benefit of the air Sir.

2. *Bla.* Swounds we'l not be baffl'd thus.

Buf. No that we will not brother, I feel the ſpirit of Wine in my brains, and will not be baffl'd.

1. *Bla.* We'l ſcale your windows you Whores.

Buf. Brother——let's——brother Collonel——Ile in firſt.

2. *Bla.* We will not put you on a matter of ſuch danger Sir.

Buff. Danger——I ſcorn the word——I fear it not brother, Ile do it——I and my valiant ſword-bearer.

Gud. Ile not creep in at windows, not I, amongſt Whores to have my eyes ſcratch't out——not I.

Buff. How——not venter? why thou wilt not turn coward and fear ſcratching? ——ſhall not be ſaid but we Countrey boys are as valiant as the beſt of them.

3. *Bla.* But the window is narrow, and will ſpoil your new ſuit.

Buff. Come, come——prepare——help me and Ile put them off.

2. *Bla.* Valiant brother, thou ſhall have the honour to enter firſt.

Buff. I and my ſquire will enter this inchanted Caſtle, And relieve the impriſon'd Ladies.
Gudgeon let's untruſſe and prepare for the combate.

1. *Bla.* Ile help my brother whilſt you prepare *Gudgeon.*
——Now for the boots.

Buff. My foot is at thy ſervice noble brother,
Nay off with my breeches too——I have drawers on.

2. *Bla.* Haſt

2. *Bla.* Haſt thou drawers too *Gudgeon?*

Gud. I, but I had as leave a been hang'd as ha come to this.

Buf. Come now, your helping hands, Ile ſcale the wals, Attendant be at hand with my weapon.

1. *Bla.* We'l ſecond thee immediately venturous brother. Come *Gudgeon* follow thy Maſter.

Put them in at the window. Outeries within.

Buf. Oh———oh———help us brother Collonel, Draw up thy forces.

1. *Bla.* The conflict is begun—we'l leave them to the mercy of the Wenches, and now the guls are uncas't make uſe of their feathers———here's a prize lads.

2. *Blad.* The Golden fleece was but ſtinking ſheep-skin to't.

3. *Blad.* Come let's be gone, the Bloud-hounds will purſue. *Ex. om.*

Enter Creon *and* Lewcippus.

Cre. Pox on the ſlaves they're gone.

Lew. This Devill Luſt hath undone us.

Cre. Tis no now time to diſpute it;
Let's rather bethink our ſelves of ſome courſe
To preſerve our credit with his unkle.

Lew. There's it, and I am deceived, if I have not found it out; thou knoweſt the opinion he hath of his valour: I will home, and poſſeſſe him that he privately withdrew as we fear to fight, and that thou wert in queſt of him whilſt I come to inform his doting Lordſhip.

Cre. Bleſſed be thy pregnant brain,
Be gone and thrive, I will return upon my cue. *Ex. om.*

Enter Buffonie *and* Gudgeon *in their ſhirts—both bloudy, wenches following.*

Baw. Out of my doors you Rogues.

Buf. Good reverend Matron——we heartily repent——*Gudgeon* our clothes—what's become of our brother Collonel, and the reſt of the Blades?

1. *Wen.* Faith

Or fire the houſe——nay I am valiant too.

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1. *Bla.* Ile help my brother whilſt you prepare *Gudgeon.*

——Now for the boots.

Buff. My foot is at thy ſervice noble brother,

Nay off with my breeches too——I have drawers on.

2. *Bla.* Haſt

2. *Bla.* Haſt thou drawers too *Gudgeon?*

Gud. I, but I had as leave a been hang'd as ha come to this.

Buf. Come now, your helping hands, Ile ſcale the walls, Attendant be at hand with my weapon.

1. *Bla.* We'l ſecond thee immediately venturous brother. Come *Gudgeon* follow thy Maſter.

Put them in at the window.

Outeries within.

Buf. Oh——oh——help us brother Collonel, Draw up thy forces.

1. *Bla.* The conflict is begun—we'l leave them to the mercy of the Wenches, and now the guls are uncas'e make uſe of their feathers——here's a prize lads.

2. *Blad.* The Golden fleece was but ſtinking ſheep-skin to't.

3. *Blad.* Come let's be gone, the Bloud-hounds will purſue. *Ex. om.*

Enter Creon *and* Lewcippus.

Cre. Pox on the ſlaves they're gone.

Lew. This Devill Luſt hath undone us.

Cre. Tis no now time to diſpute it;
Let's rather bethink our ſelves of ſome courſe
To preſerve our credit with his unkle.

Lew. There's it, and I am deceived, if I have not found it out; thou knoweſt the opinion he hath of his valour: I will home, and poſſeſſe him that he privately withdrew as we fear to fight, and that thou wert in queſt of him whilſt I come to inform his doting Lordſhip.

Cre. Bleſſed be thy pregnant brain,
Be gone and thrive, I will return upon my cue. *Ex. om.*

Enter Buffonie *and* Gudgeon *in their ſhirts—both bloudy, wenches following.*

Baw. Out of my doors you Rogues.

Buf. Good reverend Matron—we heartily repent—*Gudgeon* our clothes—what's become of our brother Collonel, and the reſt of the Blades?

1. *Wen.* Faith

1. *Wen.* Faith even sheathed in your scabards by this time, you ignorant Rogues to come to abuse a civill house and be couzen'd of your clothes.

Gud. Oh we shall die with cold.

Buf. Good Gentlewomen give us some slender garments, my Nunckel shall give satisfaction ---- Oh *Gudgeon* my Hat and all my fine Ribbons, and my Sword---all's gone.

Gud. I woot we had our old ones here.

1. *Wen.* But faith tis pity to turn them off thus,
The poppies will catch the pip---have you no old breeches?

Baw. By my fay nothing that belongs to man, but an old armour that a beggerly Souldier pawn'd---and that Ile fetch.

2. *Wen.* And Ile lend the page an old petticoat and wastcoat. *Bring forth an Armour and clothes.*

Buf. We shall be bound to pray for you.

1. *Wen.* Go arme the Knight whilst I prepare the Lady of the lake. *Put the Armor on* Buffonie, *the petticoat and wastcoat on* Gud.

Gud. I doubt we shall not passe the street for the Scoundrell boyes.

Buf. Put it on *Gudgeon*, and be thankfull.
Any thing to hide thy nakednesse, good *Gudgeon*.

Gud. I have played maid Marrian ere now.

1. *Wen.* So now you are provided, my honour'd Don,

Buf. We kindly thank your good Ladyships, we shall be bound to pray for you---tis not so cold as 'twas.

2. *Wen.* Come, march my valiant Hector.

1. *Wen.* Nay faith here is each of them an old pair of slippers too.

Buf. Good-be-wy my honourable young Ladies.
Ex. Buf. *and* Gud.

Baw. So now let's in and share. *Ex. om.*

Enter Arratus, Carlo, Theocrine, *and* Lewcippus.

Arr. I wonder at this——when saw you him last?

Lew. Some three hours since, when leaving him at a Play, whilst we went to dispatch some businesse in the City, at our return

return we miſt him ——— I perceiv'd ſome difference betwixt him and a blade oth' town, and doubt the ſword hath diſputed it.

Car. Tis moſt like that's it, he is reſolute.

The. Muſt I then be ſo unhappy when I firſt began to cheriſh love to loſe its wiſht for object?

Arr. Grieve not Lady ——— I hope all is well.

The. I doubt his valour will betray him to
Some deſperate quarrell, in whoſe fury all
My hopes of him may periſh.

Car. I will go ſend my ſervants abroad,
We cannot be too carefull of his ſafety.

Arr. Trouble not your ſelf Sir ——— I have took order.

Enter Buff. *and* Gud.

Buf. ---Ah---ah---ready to die with cold.

Arr. What have we here? a prologue to the mask of Witches?

Car. Some intended ſport without queſtion,
Which now will come out of ſeaſon.

Buf. Ha! forgot me Nunckel ——— I am your poor kinſman.

Arr. Thou art my ſhame, and mak'ſt me grieve that ever
I entertain'd a thought of raiſing thee
So much beyond the pitch of thy deſerts.

The. Let not your anger Sir
Add waights to his unhappineſſe.

Arr. Sure ſhe is bewitcht---you are a moving advocate,
But ſo it render him not loſt within
The place he did in your affections hold,
I ſhall be eaſily wrought to pardon him.

The. That were a love too much depending on
The accidents of fortune to be thought
Worthy of him---I on this Armor look
As ſpoiles got from ſome conquer'd enemy,
His garments loſt by ſtealth, not from him took
By any force of man.

Buf. She is in the right Nunckel, my brother Colloncl

ſtole them, whilſt my ſquire and I ſeal'd the wals.

The. I thought 'twas ſome ſuch deſperate attempt;
Let me diſarme thee love, and ſee thy wounds.

Car. Rare Artiſts! this Philter works wonders.

Arr. He hath met with ſome cheat for Knights,
And the nails of whores for ſteel.

The. Let me wipe off the bloud, and thy poor ſervants too.

Gud. I will not trouble you Miſtris, I uſe to heal ſuch ſlight wounds as this by waſhing them in mine own water.

Buf. I had rather go in out of the cold.

Arr. Thou makeſt me bluſh unmanner'd fool:
Why doeſt not with more thankfulneſſe imbrace
The tender of her love? --- *Lewcippus* have them
In, and ſee them once more cloth'd.
I can impute as much to youths irregularity
As others can: but if he leave not this,
My hate may ruine what my love hath built.

The. I hope your wiſdom Sir will look on this
But as an errour, which correcting age
May eaſily reform.

Car. --- This is an ill ſign---I doubt he will ſpend all.

Arr. I ſhall do much for your ſake Lady.

---Let's in and ſee him, though 'twere amiſs,
To make him mend, it is to laugh at this.

Ex. om.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King in a night gown, two Pages with lights, one bearing the picture of Heroina, *the other of* Eurione, *set down the light and pictures, and ex. Pages.*

Kin. BEe gone, and let me gaze my ſelf to marble here.
Oh I have loſt the quiet of my ſoul,
All peaceſull harmony. My eyes have ſuckt
A ſubtill poiſon, and diſperſt it through
My ſouls oreflowing rivolet. Oh *Heroina*
I have defil'd thoſe noble thoughts in which
I ſhould have cloth'd the memory of this
—Fain would I ſmoother this proud flame—
—But vainly ſtrive—
It hath lay'd hold on reaſons battlements.
—This is *Heroina*'s— *Looks on her picture.*
The ſame whoſe fair Idea untill now,
I only entertain'd within my thoughts—
And muſt I let this glorious angell flie
From the polluted temple?—I muſt
—Here lies a ſpell that charmes me *Opens* Eurione's *picture.*
—What did I ſay—
Pardon thou fair commandreſſe of my ſoul,
I did blaſpheme—this ſacred beauty is
Fit for loves higheſt Altar, where my heart
If ſacrific'd dies in *Enthean* fire,
Pure as the Elements, when quinteſſenc't
Into perfection ſhall communicate

To bodies glorified——
——Theſe bloudleſſe ſhadows hold no ſymmetry
In their proportion, this interiour orb
Sits like a ſmaller Planet near the Sun.
——I ſhould not thus ſharpen a Scorpions ſting,
If not already Baſilisk'd to death.
——But I like *Atlas* vainly ſtruggle to
O'rethrow a world of fancy —— I'm reſolv'd.

Knocks, enter Page, takes him a Letter.

Convey this ſpeedily to *Oroandes*.
The cure is dangerous, but where the ſharp diſeaſe
Breaths nought but deſperation, 'tis in vain
Through reaſons Limbeck to extract our thoughts.
Muſi'd in clouds of ſin and ſhame I go
To grope for light, or ſink in endleſſe wo. *Ex. King.*

Enter Vanlore *leading in* Theocrine.

The. Be not too confident my *Vanlore*,
They're deſperate gameſters
That throw their whole ſtock at one trembling caſt.
If in this mornings progreſſe we are maskt,
Time ne'r will lend a beam to light us forth
Of ſorrows ſubtill labyrinth——ſhould thy plot
Crampt with prevention halt behind thy hopes,
And I be marryed to this wretch——we may
Go then aſide, and ſacrifice our tears,
Our fruitleſſe tears unto thoſe Gods for whom
We have prepared our holy vowes——but never
Muſt meet in warm imbraces.

Van. Do not doubt
The powerfull influence of our ſtars——ſhould what
I have prepar'd to combate their deſign,
Be by ſome ſullen ſpie betrayed,—I have
Fitted a friend ordain'd for action in
This Comick Scene, whoſe ſword hath gliſter'd 'mongſt
A throng of braver enemies then they;
By whoſe aſſiſtance, if they durſt oppoſe,
Ile cut the cordage of that hand although

Before

Before the Altar, that layes hold on thee.

The. I would not have that silver feather'd dove,
On whose pure wings we first rais'd our affection,
Her yet immaculate pinnions dip in bloud.

Van. Yet must we not
Tamely let Vultures prey upon our hearts.
I hear thy Father, *Ceugh within.*
And must betake my self to canting.

Enter Carlo, *servant leading him.*

Car. Oh---oh---oh!
Help me good Doctor:
Oh this tormenting Gout, my joints are rack'd.

Van. Marke you Mounsieur---you must be---paesant till my me-di-cine can operate.

Car. Oh I can hold no longer, set me down softly *Geafery.*

Van. And lay up de leg Sh-free---
Here on de Cushoone---so---no, easie now.

Car. Not much---not much---how now girl?
Hast thou sent to invite thy ghests?

The. I have Sir, but doubt your want of health will much obstruct their mirth.

Car. We'l have the fewer girl, 'twill save charges.
I do not like these costly feasts,
They but undo young couples---Oh my joints!
Doctor, we shall have your company.

Van. Me be very sorry, me cannot be your servant,
But de number of de patients dat call upon me.

The. We shall excuse you Sir, but could your time permit, you should be rang'd with the best of our friends.

Van. Me humbly thank you Madam.

The. We will be free, though my husband be not Courtly.

Car. Not Courtly saist, marry the better wench, it puts me in hope I shall not live to see thee want, the swaggering Gallant goes out like a snuff, when the constant housekeeper gives the best light at last---Oh---oh---oh! my pain is intolerable---
I would not have him hearken to this paltry poetry, nor

viſit harlotry playhouſes. Let his imployments be to read the Statutes. -- oh---'twill do him good--the knavery of a Lawyer, or the cunning of a Bankrout ſhall never undo him.

Van. And toſe as I have heard be diſeaſes Epidemical---but be de law de ſpeciall antidote.

Car. 'Tis our laſt refuge, but in theſe parts not thoroughly proſecuted, I have now at the leaſt fifty ſuits depending, and many of them I know to be poor raſcals and not able to pay---oh now---now--- And yet I can have no further recompence then throwing them in Gaole---- Oh my knee! ---- where they ſhall lie till they rot, if they pay not. *Enter a ſervant.*

Ser. Some Tradeſmen Mris. *Theocrine*
Deſire to ſpeak with you. *Ex. The.*

Car. Do not buy thy garments too gaudy,
Gold is better in thy purſe then on thy back.
Take example by thy aged father, *Theocrine.*
Oh now it tugs again---now---now!

Van. Be of good comfort, it is but de acerbity of de humor---I will to my poiſon mixers, and prepare de richeſt ingredients.

Car. I think an ointment of good Foot oyl were good,
It is cheap and eaſily got, I would not
Be at too much charges---lead me in
Geofry--oh!--farewell good Doctor---oh!
This double charges will undo me.

Van. Thou ne'er wilt be ſo happy, wretched Miſer,
To have that file poliſh thy cankerd ſoul.
The generous ſpirits puniſhment would be
To thee the effects of mercy. Is *Theocrine,*
My virtuous *Theocrine,* deſcended from
So vile a Father? Sure her Mother was
Some Angell clothed in fleſh, that could not be
Corrupted with th' affinity of vice;
Elſe had the rudeneſſe of his nature planted
Some thornes within that Paradiſe, which now
The amorous Myrtles tender branches dreſſe

In

In ſuch ſoft lovely robes, her paſſions are
Sharpn'd with anger, but like thornes plac't
To guard thoſe roſes Virgin modeſty.
Nor can pale fear in her more refuge ſeek,
Then to improve the Lillies on her cheek.

Enter Theocrine.

The. Come follow me *Vanlore*,
I have prepar'd thy habit—let's haſten. *Ex.om.*

Enter Buff. Godg. Creon, Lewcip.

Cre. Fie, fie!
Not ready yet, and to be a Bridegroom ere break of day?

Buf. I cannot tie my bond-ſtrings.

Lew. Aſſiſt him *Gudgeon*— S-death! what doeſt gape for?

Gud. Cham't thorowly awak'd yet, chad rather
Be at whome again, a keeping of Sheep,
There chad time to fetch out my full ſleep,
Here cham tottered up all hours of the night.

Cre. Why, thou doeſt not grumble Raſcall, give me— come, pox on thy gouty fingers, they are fitter to tie ſacks—

Gud. 'Tis no matter for your frumps:
Chon't be thus abuſed long, chill get me home, and be a paultry Servingman no longer, to lick trenchers and live upon ſcraps.

Lew. Why, how now ſlave, wert thou ever thus fine before?

Gud. Yes in a pranked ſuit, 'tis much credit ſure, e'n as much as the ſlit in our hawked Bullocks ear, or a mark in the ſide of a Sheep.

Buff. Come Tutor, now come help me truſſe my points, Chwas never thus troubled with harneſſing my ſelf before, and this be the fruit of marriage, I will marry no more yet in haſt. If my Nunckel had been a man as other men be, he might ha marryed her his ſelf, and ha ſaved me this labour, but no matter *Gudgeon*, we'l have about at trull-ums-dems when the Parſon hath done.

Enter Arratus.

Arr. I to my grief have heard all this.

Unmanne'd

Unmanner'd ſlave! are theſe the fruits of all
My ill beſtowed expenſes? I ſee it lies not
I'th power of art to poliſh thee, I have
Ranſack'd the City for the choieſt wits,
They rackt invention to improve thy knowledge,
And yet thou ſtill remainſt a ſenſleſſe block.
——Pox on your ugly looks——you ſleepiſh clown,
Pull up thy ſpirits——or by heaven—— *Kicks him.*
Gud. Maſter, give the teſty old fool a clowt o'th ear.
Arr. What, art thou barking connſell to him?
Never were there ſuch a couple of whelpes
Harl'd together, hell take you both for muddy ſlaves;
Ile rather leave my revenues in the wals of a Hoſpitall,
Or build Temples for the next Faction to pull down,
Then beſtow it on ſuch a puppy.
Cre. 'Twill become your diſcretion, Sir, to ſmother
Your anger for the preſent, let this dayes
Buſineſſe be paſt over ere you nouriſh the flame;
Then if you ſee no reformation, we ſhall not
Counſell to ought your judgment approves not of.
Lew. Should you ſo untimely withdraw your love,
His diſgrace would reflect on your reputation.
Arr. You ſhall prevail for this once, come Sirrah
——See thy behaviour redeem thy credit
——Or thou art loſt——
Gud.——Loſt! hey——'tis no matter and we were
Both loſt, ſo we could find ſome of our old
Mates again——Ich can't abide theſe Courtnowles. *Exeunt.*

Enter Zanna. *leading* Glori, Oroandes Eurione.

Zan. Muſt we part here?
Glo. Yes there are ſome ceremonies yet to come
——Ere you enter farther——
Oro. ——To morrow night
No Cherubin will guard the gates that lead
Unto our bliſful thrones, theſe Ivory temples
Will dedicated both to *Janus* ſtand
Open in all the Civill wars of love.

Eur. How

Eur. How *Oroandes*——thou art wanton friend,
We yet are cloth'd in thoughts as pure and white
As new created Veſtals, ſuch diſcourſe
Will not be harmony———when fetter'd in
Your bridall beds, we willing captives lie.
Oro. Nor diſcord my *Eurione*——the modeſt bluſh
Corals the Virgin cheek no longer then
The trecherous light betrayes her to the view
Of the delighted Paranymphs.
The curtain'd bed preſents unknown delights
Cloth'd in unpractic'd nature, which improv'd
By loves aſſimilating virtue warmes
The unform'd embryo into full blown joy.
Eur. What ſhall I call this, experimental or imaginary?
Oro. Thy virtue beſt knows what———
Glo. I ſee my Lord the active wars afford
Sometime to melt in paſſive thoughts, your ſteel
Soft love may poliſh to a looking glaſſe.
Eur. Yes, and work the waving plume into a fan.
Glo. The ſtubborn helmet into lawn, and ſtrew
Bodkins and pins for rapiers round their beds.
Zan. Why, Ladies——though we have been
Immur'd in ſteel, we are no Cyclopes yet,
Our joints are ſupple, though not weak as thoſe
Whoſe knees are oftner to his Miſtris bowed
Then to his God, who meaſures out his life
In wanton Galliards, and a fidleſtick
Knows better how to handle then a ſword,
No ſtand of pikes their briſtled ſquadrons place
About our chins, nor are our lips hedg'd in
With quickſet beards which thatch a *Scythians* face.
The Souldier when he'th ſtew'd his bowels in
The bloud, and ſweat of enemies, is then
Moſt fit to kiſſe the balmy lips of peace;
His freſh and luſty appetite digeſts
What glutted Courtiers ſurfet on, and makes
They labour his refreſhing exerciſe.
Glo. We cannot doubt the ſoftneſſe your limbs,

As long as flints will break on feather beds.

Zan. Thy active wit my *Glorianda* sports
In our rude fancies deserts.

Oro. Let her friend, to morrow night she must
Impal'd within the narrow circle of
Thy armes be barr'd that liberty, and then
Her world of Virgin thoughts will all conclude
In the possession of Elyzium,
Her Lillies and thy Lawrell both will be
Oretopt by Cupids Myrtles. The Phœnix
And warlike Eagle to a wilderness
Untrod by fancies future steps may flie,
Whilst *Venus* Doves are harbour'd in your brests.

Enter a Page.

Pag. ——My Lord——

Oro. To me! —— thy business. *Gives him a Letter.*
From his Majesty.
It nought contains but what must be obeyed.

Pag. I shall return that answer Sir. *Ex Pag*

Oro. They must not see this, it may contain
News that may ruffle all their calm delights.

Eur. What was this fellowes business *Oroandes?*

Oro. The King hath sent for me. Go virgin friends,
This night lie shivering in your native ice,
The blooming spring approaches, which must change
Your snow to beds of roses——goodnight
——Blest Angels clasp their wings about your beds.

Ex. Oro.

Zan. Come---Ile only wait you to your Chamber door,
And there---leave my best wishes to attend you further.

Ex severally.

Enter the Priest of Hymen, *two Maids leading* Buffonie, Creon *and* Lewcippus *leading* Theocrine, Carlo *born in a chair,* Arratus *with lights and attendants.*

Car. Carry me gently——oh that my pain should so vex me at this good time!

Being

Being come to the middle of the Stage, the candles begin to wax out, flaſhes of light within the curtain, Vanlore *in manner of a ghoſt appears, and ſuddenly draws back within the curtain.*

Pri. What prodigies are theſe? (*Arr.*) The light appears again.

Car. It is ſome ſpectrum. (*Buſ.*) I hope the Devill wo' not forbid the banes.

He appears again, at which the bearers letting fall Carlo's *chair, run haſtily forth all but* Carlo, *who lies ſprawling on the ground, to him enters one diſguized in a dreadfull ſhape repreſenting the Devill.*

Dev. ——Prepare——prepare
I come to bear
Thy body where
No eye ſhall ere
Behold thee more, but thoſe that ſhare
With thee in everlaſting care.
Car. ——Oh!——Oh!——I cannot riſe,
Some good body ſave me from the ſpirit.
Dev. Come---come away,
Hell hates delay,
I ſent the day,
And dare not ſtay,
Leſt light my ugly form betray,
Ghoſts may not ſee what mortals may.

Theocrine above.

Be gone foul fiend, there are ſome ſaving drops
Of mercy yet hang over him and ſtops
Thy eager haſt.
Dev. Oh do not waſt
Thy time i'th' air, heaven his eternall doom
Hath ſeal'd with Orphanes bloud, but will no room
For ſuch dam'd ſouls admit,
Thou art call'd up to fit

Circl'd with glory 'mongſt the bliſful thrones,
But he caſt down, down, where in hollow groans
His ſins ſhall ſtill complain.
The. Tears will waſh off their ſtain,
There needs no flames to purge them Live--- live then
But only to repent on earth——which when
Perform'd, come reſt with me.
Car. Where art? oh let me ſee.
The. That is not in my power to grant——to thin
Unbodied aire I am reſolv'd, which in
This region only hovers
Till time and fate diſcovers
What will become of thee. (*Dev*) What but to go
With me where flouds of flaming ſulphur flow,
Through dark and ſouty caves,
Where endleſſe madneſſe raves,
Where living flame in everlaſting night
Still dying burns, but burning gives no light?
The buſie Furies there
His reſtleſſe bed prepare
Of molten gold ſpread o're with burning flakes,
Curtain'd with horror, and begirt with Snakes.
Then ceaſe, and haſt unto
Thoſe white ſouls that have flew
Above my reach, which I have only power
To envy not to hurt. (*The.*) But can the hour
Not be a while prolong'd?
Dev. Then deſtiny were wrong'd.

Shaking his chains he runs towards him, at which enter the Prieſt in his pontificall ornaments, as he begins to read, the Devill roaring runs forth.

Pri. I thought thou durſt not ſtand to encounter with
So brave an enemy as this.

A noiſe within, at which Carlo *riſing runs halting forth.* Ex. *Prieſt.*
Enter Vanlore, Theocrine, *and two Bandeets.*

Van. They're

Van. They're gone———and too much frighted to return in haſt.

The. Our plot hath equall to our wiſhes thriv'd.

Van. I am indebted———brave Bandeets to you,
But will requite it in the like attempt
When ere occaſion ſhall require my aid.

1 *Ban.* We are ſo much your creatures Sir, that tis
The child of duty, when our gratitude
Offers all ſervice to ſo loved a maſter.

Van. Time will admit but ſmall commerce of words,
My actions ſtill ſhall ſpeak me yours———

The. Dear *Vanlore* let's be gone;
They will purſue as ſoon as they've collected
Their yet unrallied ſpirits.

Van. Thou art the loadſtone *Theocrine*, by whoſe
Attractive power the Compaſſe of my thoughts
Directed by thy wit, their Needle, ſteers
My almoſt Shipwrackt hopes, into a ſafe
And quiet harbor of content. *Ex. om.*

Enter Oroandes *alone reading a note.*

Oro. ——The hour five——the place the plain beneath the Hermits rock.
I have not miſt in either circumſtance,
Unleſſe my haſte anticipated time———it yet is not full five
———The morning hath not loſt her virgin bluſh
Nor ſtep, but mine ſoild the earths tinſel'd robe.
———How full of heaven this ſolitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy ſwain,
Who from his hard, but peacefull bed rous'd up
In's morning exerciſe ſaluted is
By a full quire of feather'd Choriſters
Wedding their notes to the inamour'd air.
Here Nature in her unaffected dreſſe,
Plaited with vallies and imboſt with hils,
Enchac't with ſilver ſtreams, and fring'd with woods,
Sits lovely in her native ruſſet, whilſt
Lame Art to hide her known deformitie
With painting ſurfets each diſcerning eie.

Enter the King disguized.

Oro. 'Tis he, but strangely chang'd.
Kin. *Oroandes*, you're now a loyal Subject.
Oro. All my ambition ne'r flew higher Sir,
Then in that region of your thoughts to thrive.
Kin. There it was grown to full maturity
Ere thou wroteſt man, my *Oroandes*, but I muſt
Like wanton *Nero* either ruine all
The glorious ſtructure of thy hopes, or live
Impriſon'd in thy loyalty, thy life
Till now my ſtrongeſt fortreſſe is become
The fatall engine of my ruine.
Oro. ——Heaven——what have I done to merit this?
Kin. Nothing but been too virtuous, and by that
Centered affections, which I muſt remove
Or ſhake thee into Chaos.
Oro. This language blaſts me, ſure I have no ſin
Ponderous enough to boy your vengeance up
Unto this dangerous height. Did I but think
One Viper lodg'd in my remoteſt thought,
I'd tear each fiber of my heart to find
The monſter forth, and in my bloud imbalm'd
Throw it as far as lifes ſhort ſpan can reach.
But heaven my witneſſe is, no flame of zeal
But hath been yours i'th ſecond magnitude,
My vowes of kin to thoſe I paid the gods,
My prayers, but love, and duty, fir'd into
A holy Calenture. Yet if all this
Like a ſmall Stars kind influence govern'd by
A regall Planets croſſe aſpects, muſt drop
Its fading beams into that houſe of death
Your fierce deſtructive anger, let me ſhew
The latitude of my obedience, in
Dying at the command of him for whom
I only wiſh to live. Did all my friends
Look on the object through their tears, the ghoſt
Of my dead Mother, capable of grief
As of eternity, and yet clothed in

Humanities

Humanities moſt frail affections, all
Thoſe rivolets of ſorrow ſhould not waſh
The ſanguin ſtain of my reſolves, ſo they
If executed could procure a calm
In this high tempeſt of your ſoul.

Kin. Thy virtue fathomes not my depth of guilt,
Such a prevention of my anger would
Only exchange the active paſſion for
Sorrow as inſupportable; thoſe characters
Which muſt unfold the fables of my ſoul
Are in dark Hieroglyphicks hid, through which
Thy ſtrength of judgment cannot pierce.

Oro. You ſpeak in miſty wonders, Sir, ſuch as lead
My apprehenſion into wilde Meanders.

Kin. This will unriddle all our doubts——draw.

Oro. Againſt my Soveraign! an act ſo wicked would
Retort the guilty ſteel into my breaſt.
Fear never yet marbled a cowards bloud
More then obedience mine, that breath hath lockt
In ice the panting channels of my heart,
No ſpirits dare from their cold center move.

Kin. Will you deny——when I command?

Oro. Pardon me royall Sir; had ſuch a voice
Legitimated my attempts, I had
Not paus'd at the incounter of a danger
Horrid as all the wars oth' elements,
When ruffl'd into ſtormes could preſent;
I would beſtride a cloud with lightning charg'd,
In's full carreer affront a thunderboult,
Leap through the clefts of earthquakes, or attempt
To prop the ruins of a falling rock,
Yet count all this my happineſſe, ſo I
Met death in the white robes of loyalty.
But to encounter ſuch a ghaſtly foe
In the black ſhadow of Rebellion, ſhakes
The ſtrongeſt pillars of my ſoul. You are my King,
My King----whoſe frowns ſhould be
More dreadfull to me, then oraculous truths

When

When threatning ſudden ruine; your ſacred perſon
Is circl'd with divinity, which without reverence
To touch is ſacriledge, to look on ſin
Unleſſe each glance is uſher'd with a prayer.
Kings are but living temples, wherein is
As in the Nations center, the chief ſeat
Of their protecting God, and ſhall I then
Pollute my hands in bloud, whoſe every drop
Would ſwell my Countreys tears into a floud?

Kin. Are my attempts priz'd at ſo cheap a rate?
Wears not my ſword a danger on its point
As well as thine?---draw---or I ſhall conclude
'Tis fear, not loyalty, that charmes thy hand.

Oro. This ſtirs my bloud---were you a private man
That only had his better genius to
Protect him, though allied to me by all
The ties of Nature and of friendſhip, yet
Being thus far urged, our Swords long ſince ſhould have
Made known whoſe Stars the brighter influence had.

Kin. I have unfetter'd all thoſe legall bonder---draw,
For thy denying now but ſleights my power.

Oro. Then---ſince there's no evaſion, Or. *draws.*
Witneſſe ye Gods----my inocence is wrong'd.
---But gratious Sir--- *Kneels.*
Before I fall----or ſtand, leſſe fortunate
To ſee you overthrow, oh let me know
What fate,---what cruell fate hath rob'd me of
The treaſures of your love: I never yet
Sullied my ſoul with any thonght that might
Deſerve your hate, heaven is my faithful witneſſe
I harbour none of you, but ſuch as are
More full of zeal then thoſe pure orizons,
Which martyr'd Saints mix with their dying groans.

Kin. And muſt ſuch goodneſſe die!---know noble youth,
I am ſo far from calling it deſert
In thee, that hath unſheathed my ſword, that in
This midnight ſtorm of fancy, I can ſhead
Some drops of pity too, pity to change

To

So true a ſubject for a treacherous gheſt.
I come not raſhly to attempt thy life,
But long have ſtrugl'd with my hot deſires,
Stood fiery trials of temptations, which
Have ſublimated reaſon till it's grown
Too volatile to be contain'd within
My brain, that overheated Crucible.
I am diſeas'd, and know no way to health
But through a deluge of thy bloud.
Oro. There needs not then this ſtorm to break down
The bayes that verge the crimſon ſea---this ſtroke
Shall open all the ſluces of my bloud.
Kin. Hold---or elſe thou rob'ſt me of my fixt reſolves.
----There is a cauſe----
Commands me die in the attempt, or kill thee.
Oro. Dear Sir, reveal it----
That ere I fall my penitential tears
May from that leprous crime expunge my ſoul.
Kin. Alas brave youth, thy innocence needs not
The laver of a tear, thy candid thoughts
White as the robes of Angels are, but mine
The dreſſe of Devils, I that ſhould protect
Am come to rob my beſt of ſubjects, to rob
Thee of thy deareſt treaſure; I know thy love
To fair *Eurione* inſeparable
As goodneſſe from a deity----yet muſt
Deprive thee ofthis darling of thy ſoul.
Oro. With pardon, royall Sir, I cannot think
The *Cyprian* Princeſſe is ſo ſoon forgot,
With whom compar'd, my poor *Eurione*
Though bright to me, to more diſcerning eyes
Shine dim as the pale Moon when ſhe lets fall
Through a dark grove her melancholy beams.
Kin. Doeſt thou affect her, yet diſpraiſe a beauty
That in its orb contracts divinity?
This prophanation, what had elſe been ſin
Will render meritorious--- guard thy ſelf.
They fight, Antellus *wounded.*

Oro. --- Hah---thou bleedeſt.

Kin. Oh but too ſlowly---if your wound admits
No other medicine, this will neer be balm.

Fight again, the King wounde.

Oro. I doubt that thruſt----

Kin. It was a gentle one, and hath concluded
The buſineſſe that we met for.
Now we are friends again; friends till death. *Fals.*

Oro. Oh do not faint,
Call up your ſpirits Sir, there yet is hopes of life.

Kin. None---my vitall powers fail---they're heavy leads,
My eyes are bowing to eternall night,
My heart beats thick alarmes, yet can rally
No troops of ſcattered ſpirits---oh---oh! --- I faint.

Oro. And I grow wilde with horror, wilder then
A flame provoked by angry winds.
---What ſhall I do? or whither flie,
To leave behind me this purſuing guilt?

A noiſe within.

Kin. ---Oh---oh---be gone---be gone *Oroandes.*
Some company draws neer.
Mayſt thou live long and happy in the imbraces
Of her, whom I unjuſtly ſtrove to have.
My dying wiſhes waits upon your joyes.

Oro. Angels attend your lateſt hour, I go
From hence, but to my everlaſting wo. *Ex. Oroandes.*

Enter four Banderts.

1. *Ban.* S death! Ile not looſe my ſhare.

2. *Ban.* Nor I, by heaven, although I ſearch
For what's my own through my oppoſers bloud.

3. *Ban.* Swounds! what d'ee quarrel for trifles?
Pox on you for covetous Raſcals, take all mine.

4. *Ban.* And mine too, ſo you will be content.

1. *Ban.* Another prize, the ſpoil of this will reconcile us.

2. *Ban.* He bleeds----Sh-ho-----he ſtirs not, let's ſtrip him.

3. *Ban.* There's life in him----let's bear him off.
I have heard the captive Lady ſpeak of a pretious Cordial

ſhe

ſhe hath, if it recover him, his ranſome may be better worth then theſe gaudy clothes---

4. *Ban.* Here, lend your hands.

They lay the body on a Cloke, and ex.

Enter Buff. *and* Gudg.

Buf. Oh *Gudgeon* we are undone, there is no recovering of her---what ſhall I do for another wife?

Gud. Shall I let her cry Maſter?

Buff. Ah, do good careſull ſervant, ſome of theſe honeſt people may chance to know of her, aloud good *Gudgeon.*

Mounts on a ſtool.

Gud. — Oh yes — oh yes — oh yes
If any man — in City — Town — or Countrey,
Can tell any tidings of a ſtrayed Lady.

Enter Arratus *and* Carlo.

Arr. What's this? A hobby-horſe dance?

Buff. Oh no Sir—good Nunckel be quiet—
My man *Gudgeon* is only making known my loſſe.

Arr. Is this thy grief, unpoliſht clown?

Buff. Why ſhould I cry my ſelf as long as I had a man?

Arr. Thou art a ſcandall which will ever ſtick
Like a corroding cancer on my name
—Be gone — *Kicks him.*
Back to thy ruſtick father, and there ſpend
Thy time 'mongſt beaſts leſſe ſavage then thy ſelf.

Buff. Why then farewel, a turd for all ſuch Nunckels.
Come *Gudgeon* we'l een go home to plow again.

Gud. Ay, and whiſtle better tunes then ere we learn'd at Court.

Ex. Buff. *and* Gudg.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Car. Oh ſave me brother,
Here comes the ghoſt.

Meſſ. My Lord *Arratus*, you are ſuddenly expected at the Court.

Arr. Why good friend? — what's the matter?

Meſſ. The King and my Lord *Oroandes* are miſſing.

Car. How! loſt! — I hope my daughters meſſenger hath not tranſported them, was it a ghoſt carryed them away friend?

friend? speak man —I hear them still.

Mes. I come not to jest Sir, my Lord, are you ready?

Arr I will follow thee---how am I perplext?
Come brother I will see you to your Chamber.

Car. We will not go through the Gallery,
The place smels of Brimstone. *Ex. om.*

Enter Zannazarro, Glorianda, *and* Eurione.

Zan How sad a change is this! this morning was
Appointed for more joyfull enterviews.

Glo. When last nights slumbers rob'd our wakeful hopes
Of the delitious births of fancy, 'twas
With fairer promises, else our closed eyes
Had not been then made floudgates to these tears.
—Poor *Eurione*, I fain would comfort thee,
But my own griefs make me a stranger to
— That balmy language.

Zan. Dear Sister ---- thy passions are too violent,
The messengers are not yet all return'd,
Nor have we spoke with *Arratus*, some of which
— May happily bring news of them.

Glo. They may *Eurione*, stifle thy passions untill then.

Enter Arratus.

Zan. My Lord, you either come to share in grief
With us, or ease ours by some bleft discovery.
--- You've heard what royal mineral let flie this damp.

Arr. Our Soveraign's lost.

Glo. Too sad a truth.

Arr. My largest intelligence lies within the wals of the City, and there he hath not been yet heard of.
Is none with him my Lord?—

Zan. Yes, *Oroandes*—

Arrr. I will go have the City searcht.

Eur. That hath already proved a fruitlesse labour.
Vain as the glimmerings of our hope, they're gone
Beyond the reach of our industrious care,
Some cruell fate hath laid an ambush to
Betray the strength of all our joyes in them.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Zan. Here comes our last of hopes, speak thy successe.

Mess. Not good my Lord, we've traverst all the fields
That circle lofty Erix, and yet seen
No chearfull beam of wisht intelligence,
We left no traveller unaskt, no Cottage lay
So unfrequented but we found it out,
And into strict examination took
Its rustick honour. Yet our journey was
Oft by the dangerous excursions of
Troops of Bandeets obstructed, safe from whom
Our speed not strength convey'd us, all we found
Worthy to fix an observation, was
A place beneath the Hermits rock, which stained
With store of bloud, did by that blush confesse
So late a guilt, no cloud had since 'twas shed
Dropt tears enough to wash it off, we searcht,
The purple grasse, but no vestigia found,
'Less this may do it, to inform us whence it came.

Shews a bloudy handkerchief which they finde to be the Kings.

Eur. Oh my Prophettique fears!

Zan. Our Sorrows are confirm'd.

Glo. They are, in bloudy characters.

Arr. I will go and secure the Cittadel, and cry treason.

Ex. Arratus.

Zan. --- Sorrow outgrowes all my resolves.

Eur. And my heart rents with this divided grief.

Zan. This is an act of these untamed Bandeets,
These plagues of *Sicily*, but if the force
Of *Syracuse* can bay their power, we'l have
Their heads to build a temple ore his grave.

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus Quintus.

The King led in by a Bandeet, Heroina *preparing to dreſſe him.*

Kin. I've now got ſtrength enough to render thanks
Unto the fair preſerver of my life.
---Were is ſhe Sir?

Her. Here, ready to ſecond my firſt weak indevours.

Kin. They then were ſtrengthen'd by ſome power above
The common reach of art, my weakneſſe elſe
Had yet confin'd me to my ſickly bed.

He ſits whilſt ſhe dreſſes him.

Ban. Let me aſſiſt you Lady----

Her. Your change of colour argues faintneſſe Sir,
This will recall your ſpirits---- *Gives him a Cordial.*
D'ee feel no alteration?

Kin. Yes my ſpirits ſtir, as if they would ſhake off
The ſluggiſh weight of weakneſſe, I am grown
Active as if the vigorous ſtrength of youth
And health were wedded in my heart, my bloud
Runs as it ſcorn'd to be confin'd within
The channels of my veins, yet is allayed
By th' even temper of my ſoul. Sure this
Rare Cordiall was ſome deities rich gift.

Her. The fitter to be given to thoſe they love,
For ſuch you are, elſe my poor medicines had
Ne're thus effected miracles.

Ban. Am I no longer uſeful here? if not,
My buſineſſe cals me hence.

Kin. Sir I ſhould wrong your curteſie to draw
You from the front of time, if ought that may
Concern your ſelf commands you hence.

Ban. Then

Ban. Then I will take my leave.
Kin. My thanks attend you Sir. *Ex. Band.*
Her. How much in every turning of the eie
Doth he reſemble my heroick love? *Aſide.*
Kin. You're ſad ſweet Lady.
Her. I have a cauſe, and ſuch a one that did
You know, your goodneſſe would commiſerate
My wretched fortune.
Kin. Reveal it Lady, I perhaps may be
Inabled then to give your Cordials back
In ſome ſuch curteſie as may deſerve
To be a thankfull handmaid unto yours.
Her. I was reſolv'd to weep away my time
In private ſorrow, but diſcovery can
Not aggravate my woe, beſides I may
Venture to lodge a ſecret, where I have found
Such temperate virtues the ſouls portals bar,
Ile only with this queſtion uſher in
My own diſcovery, Is *Sicily* your place
Of birth or not?
Kin. It is, and breeding both.
Her. Ile not demand what were the Parentage
Where I find virtues plant Nobility,
Yet would be loath to a Plebeian breaſt
To truſt what I muſt now divulge.
Kin. You may be confident, I am a Gentleman
As well by birth as education Lady.
Her. I do preſume it Sir, and therefore wiſh,
Of all I now remain amongſt to be
Known unto you alone----
You never had relation to the Court?
Kin. There was my breeding.
Her. Neer the perſon of the King?
Kin. One of his Bed-chamber, and 'tis no boaſt
To ſay as well belov'd of him as any,
There being in the opinion of the Court
A neer reſemblance of our looks.
Her. Then ſure my name is not a ſtranger to you,

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Her. Then ſure my name is not a ſtranger to you,

Have

Have you not heard of the *Cyprian* Princesse?

Kin. The beauteous *Heroina.*

Her. The wretched *Heroina*, such I'm sure
Is my condition in my present state.

Kin. Pardon this child of ignorance, my rude *Kneels.*
And unbecoming boldnesse.

Her. Rise Sir, we are companions yet,
And hope we shall be, till your royall Master
Possesse, what was long since intended his;
By what disaster I was cast upon
This dreadfull precipice of danger, as
We are withdrawing Ile relate, but not
To tempt a danger stay you longer here.

Kin. Your care can have no satisfaction but
A loyall servants prayers. *Exeunt.*

Enter Oroandes *and a* Surgeon.

Oro. Not find the body sayst?---

Sur. No Sir---- yet by the large effusion of his bloud
Had a too sad assurance of the place,
Some Mountaineers have certainly conveyed
His body thence to burial; those bloudy characters
Are arguments of no lesse ill then death.

Oro. ---Then I am lost eternally---lost to all
That bears a shew of goodnesse, heaven, and earth
Will both strive to forget they ever knew
A soul deform'd with wickednesse like mine.
----My feverish sins dry up the dews of mercy
In their descent, and blast all vertue that
Approaches neer me, I shall never find
A Saint in heaven, or Fiend on earth but will,
As a dire prodigy, created to
Scatter infection through the world, forsake
My hated compiny, as fit to mix
With none but the society of Devils.

Sur. Sir I wish I in ought else could serve you.

Oro. I thank thee friend---- *Ex Surgeon.*
-----Heaven------
What an unwieldy monster am I grown

Since

Since by this act ſwel'd to a regicide---
---Oh my accurſed ſtars that only lent
Your influence to light me to damnation,
Not all my penitential tears will ere
Waſh off the ſpots from my ſtain'd ſoul, this gangren
Is cur'd by no Lixivium but of bloud.
My heart is lodg'd within a bed of Snakes
Such as old fancies arm'd the Furies with.
Conſcience waits on me like the frighting ſhades
Of ghoſts when gaſtly meſſengers of death.
My thoughts are but the inforc't retreats
Of tortur'd reaſon to a troubled fancy.
---Hah!---am I ſurprized----

Enter Surgeon.

Sur. Sir not by me, I only finding that
You were much troubled at this accident,
Am come to lend you my aſſiſtance in
Concealing of your perſon, untill by
The mediation of your friends you may
Open theſe harſh obſtructions of your fate.
Oro. This is a curteſie I never merited
Either from heaven, or thee their meſſenger.
My hopes are yet not wholly ruin'd, I will
Along with thee, and in ſome dark diſguiſe
Expect the clouded raies of better things.

Ex. Sur. and Oroandes.

Enter Vanlore, Theocrine, *and* *Bandeets.*

Van. Now *Theocrine* I boldly may ingage
My promiſe for thy ſafety, we are paſt
All habitable places———
The. Were not thy company my beſt ſecurity,
This deſerts wilde inhabitants would fright
Me more then all my fathers Scouts, to whom
Without a bluſh my innocence would dare
Diſrobe my actions, now I fear no fate
So ſad as the preventing my deſires.
Van. Thou art the joy and comfort of my life;

Have you not heard of the *Cyprian* Princesse?

Kin. The beauteous *Heroina.*

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In my condition in my present state.

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Oro. I thank thee friend---- *Ex. Surgeon.*
-----Heaven-----
What an unchildly monster am I grown

Since

Since by this act ſwel'd to a regicide----
---Oh my accurſed ſtars that only lent
Your influence to light me to damnation,
Not all my penitential tears will ere
Waſh off the ſpots from my ſtain'd ſoul, this gangren
Is cur'd by no Lixivium but of bloud.
My heart is lodg'd within a bed of Snakes
Such as old fancies arm'd the Furies with.
Conſcience waits on me like the frighting ſhades
Of ghoſts when gaſtly meſſengers of death.
My thoughts are but the inforc't retreats
Of tortur'd reaſon to a troubled fancy.
---Hah!---am I ſurprized----

Enter Surgeon.

Sur. Sir not by me, I only finding that
You were much troubled at this accident,
Am come to lend you my aſſiſtance in
Concealing of your perſon, untill by
The mediation of your friends you may
Open theſe harſh obſtructions of your fate.

Oro. This is a curteſie I never merited
Either from heaven, or thee their meſſenger.
My hopes are yet not wholly ruin'd, I will
Along with thee, and in ſome dark diſguiſe
Expect the clouded raies of better things.

Ex. Sur. and Oroandes.

Enter Vanlore, Theocrine, *and* *Bandeets.*

Van. Now *Theocrine* I boldly may ingage
My promiſe for thy ſafety, we are paſt
All habitable places———

The. Were not thy company my beſt ſecurity,
This deſerts wilde inhabitants would fright
Me more then all my fathers Scouts, to whom
Without a bluſh my innocence would dare
Diſrobe my actions, now I fear no fate
So ſad as the preventing my deſires.

Van. Thou art the joy and comfort of my life;

More cheariſull then the ſuns ſociety
To winter ſtarved *Scythians*; ——Come my Love
This bed of Violets courts us to repoſe.
Now,——now within the circle of my armes
I graſp a gem, by me more prized then all
The worlds five zones imbraces, now we live
I'th' upper ſphere of fancy, and ſpin out
The eveneſt threeds of all our mortall web.
Theſe are the ſugr'd minutes of our lives,
The balmy drops that cure the minds ſad wounds.
Since man loſt Paradiſe, he knew no place
To emblem heaven, but in a womans face.
The. Why thou art wanton friend, this is diſcourſe
For Love that hath not out-grown infancy,
Ours now is too mature——
Van. Nor ever will, when we are both grown old,
Thy poliſht ivory furrowed o'er with age
In ſilver robes on beauties ruines plac't
Our mutuall wonder ſtill ſhall laſt, but I
Muſt binde up all the gaudy flowers of love
In threeds of admiration, no epithites
Such fragrant virtues ſeparated from
The generall name of good, can ere again
Pick out and bind them in due prayſes up.
The. I can be well content to hear thee talk
On any argument, but a leſſe pleaſing
Thou couldſt not well have taken. *Enter a Bandeet.*
Ban. S-death! Captain, what d'ee mean?
This is no place of ſafety, the wayes are all beſet
With troops of horſe, our Scouts beat in from all parts
Wounded and bloudy, if we all betake not our ſelves
To our armes we are loſt in an inſtant.
The. Oh prithy *Vanlore* haſten hence.
Van. I only fear thy ſafety. *Exeunt.*
Enter two Bandeets wounded.
1. *Ban.* S death! we muſt be gone.
2. *Ban.* Tis not our uſe to run.
1. *Ban.* Pox on't, the oddes is unreaſonable.
2. *Ban.* Swounds!

2. *Ban.* Swounds, I think they have horst all the Carters in the Countrey, the thick skin'd rogues my Rapier could hardly pierce them.

2. *Ban.* But theirs pierc't us, I have a wound here yawnes like a Dragon——let's haſten to a Surgeon.

Enter a Bandeet bleeding and fals.

3. *Ban.* Hell periſh all the ſlaves,
I'm kill'd by a ruſtick dog.
And what torments me moſt, ſall unreveng'd.

1. *Ban.* Poor Brother we would help thee, but want it our ſelves.

3. *Ban.* Yet bear me from the villains, and if your time
Permits, bury me like a Souldier, I was born
Of noble parentage, but drove by want
To theſe unlawfull courſes, and have this,
This for my puniſhment—— *One hollowes within.*

2. *Ban.* Hark——Swounds, we ſhall be ſurpriz'd
Here right ere long——

They bear off him that fell, and exeunt.

Enter Heroina *alone.*

Her. What deſperate wretches do I live amongſt?
Terror allarums them from every ſide,
Their Scouts bring no intelligence but death
Approaching at their backs, and yet
They bathe in riot, and with bloudy oathes
Stab heaven betwixt each word they ſpeak, their prayers
Are only for damnation, though they breath
Their ſouls forth with that fearful wiſh.

Enter a Bandeet drunk.

1. *Ban.* ——Dam me——A ſhort life and a merry.
Swounds if we die——we die——let's be
Merry whilſt we live——

Her. I tremble at this Villains ſight. *Offers to go forth.*

1. *Ban.* Whether now Doxie——S-death! you
Whore come hither——Pox on your ſqueamiſh face,
Lie down——or Ile cut thy throat.

Her. You will not offer to abuſe me thus.

1. *Ban.* Dam me, Ile do't, and thou wert my ſiſter,

Thy puling ſhall not ſave thee.

Her. Upon my knees I beg thee not to touch me.

1. *Ban.* Thou wilt be heard better lying upon thy back.

Her. Thou knoweſt not whom thou injurſt;
I am a Princeſſe.

1. *Ban.* The better, then the boy I beget will be noble
By the Mothers ſide——Swounds, will you not bend?

Her. Is none more civill near?

Enter the King.

Kin. What villany is this,——
Forbear unhallowed ſlave, *Snatches forth the Bandeets ſword.*
This weapon ſhall revenge her if thou durſt
Abuſe her with the leaſt uncivil touch.

Enter two Bandeets.

1. *Ban.* Swounds, help me here,
This Raſcall hath got my ſword.

2. *Ban.* Dares the thawed ſnake to ſting?
Deliver him his ſword——

Kin. I will, ſo you will promiſe he ſhall uſe
It not to force reſiſtleſſe womens honour,
As late he did attempt this noble Virgins,
And if by me not timely reſcued had
Made it the prize of his oremaſtering ſtrength.

3. *Ban.* Muſt you Sir make conditions? *They both draw and lay at him.*

Whilſt they are fighting, enter Vanlore *and* Theocrine.

Van. What is the cauſe of this?
Sheath your Swords, that man
That dares proffer another blow,
Forfeits his life for tribute to my ſword.

Her. This was a timely reſcue, and hath by
The fair redemption of my honour, more
Then ſatisfied all thoſe arrears, your life
D'd ſtand ingag'd in to my uſefull art.

Kin. The brighteſt ſtars that rule my fate did light
Me to the bleſt imployment, but had all
Set ere their influence had attain'd its end,

Had

Had not this Gentlemans assistance lent
New vigour to their fading beams.
Her. I must confesse a debt of thanks to him,
Which if irregular opinion prove
No enemy to his own safety, shall
Be suddenly discharg'd——You may perceive Sir
How black a storm waits on the lives of all
Your wilde associates, wherefore if you have
An overswaying power amongst them, chuse
The now presented opportunity
To free you from all future fears, which thus
Ile light you to, draw up your company,
And let those persecutors of my honour be
My convoy to the Court, you'l find a Prince
To be intreated, when your advocate
Bears *Heroinaes* name.

Vanlore *kneels.*

Van. Pardon me best of women. and impute
My rudenesse, to my ignorance,
If any service can extenuate
Crimes of such monstrous growth, our blouds shall pay
The forfeit of our disobedience, in
The not performing it.
Her. Your hopes of safety prompts me to believe.
——Come Sir——you shall attend us to the Court.
Kin. I am your vassal Madam, proud to have
Such a command to usher my desires. *Exeunt.*

Enter Oroandes *alone in the habit of a Forrester.*

Oro. ——Not yet——not yet at quiet——no disguise
Is dark enough to curtain o'er my guilt,
Pale as the ghastly looks of men condemn'd
It sits upon my Conscience. I see there is
No place affords that soul a safe retreat
That is pursued by a sharp-sented sin.
The prosperous murtherer that hath clothed his guilt
In royall Ermins, all those furs of state
Cannot preserve from trembling, he looks on

Dejected wretches, as assassinates,
And each petition for a ponyard fears.
——— Yet these are more secure then I, they may
Pretend to merit in their wickedness,
And call their crimes the cure of sickly states;
But I am left no refuge, lesse to know
The depth of horror can no further go.
———— Alas poor virtue, all thy white wing'd zeal
Is wrought into a bed of sables, since
Leaving thy heavenly dictates I betrayed
My self unto these sooty gards of hell,
Whose black inhabitants already call
Me one of their society; ——— my eyes
Are grown more killing then the Basilisks,
And each vein fill'd with poison, since these hands,
These cursed hands were stained with royal bloud.
——— Hah ——— all this is true ———
But do I want more desperation yet?
Are there not fiends enough now waiting on me
To guide my trembling hand untill it reach
The center of my life? ——— *Draws a sword from behind the curtain.*
This fatall weapon slew my Prince
——— This was his bloud that stains it, ———
The bloud that warm'd those browes a crown imbrac't
——— Let forth by me t' embalm the earth, and in
Warm vapors spend the pretious breath of life,
Which mounting upwards sent perfumes to heaven; ———
——— But now thou must be dipt in that which will
Leave a perpetual rust upon thy steel
More fretting then a canker.---blast all that near it grows,
And as it cools infect the ambient air
With blasts more deadly then the steams of hell ———
——— How it pants to come forth! ———
Sets the Sword to his breast.
——— Hah! ——— something stayes my hand
My better Angel sure hath left me quite
——— How e'er I will not do it,
Although that every blast of air I draw

Be more tormenting then the gaſps of death---
----No, I will live----live till diſvellop'd guilt
Makes me a publick ſpectacle of hate---and then
Fall with my ſins about me, when each tongue
Adds to their ponderous weight a full mouthed curſe.
----The ſubtill ſpirits, that like lightning flie
Thorow my bloud, hath yet not ſuffered me
To parle with ſleep ſince th' unhappy act,
---I find them ſomething calm'd, and will attempt
To reconcile them in this gentle ſhade.

Lies down, having lain ſtill a while enter two Bandeets.

1. *Ban.* We have loſt our company.

2. *Ban.* No matter, we ſhall finde the way to Court,
I fear nothing but how we ſhall do to live honeſt.

1. *Ban.* The place requires it not, at moſt 'twill be
Enough to ſeem ſo.

2. *Ban.* Though we never us'd it much, I doubt not
But Hypocriſie is an art eaſily learn'd.

1. *Ban.* Come let's haſten, I would willingly ſee thee
Between the King and the captive Princeſſe.

2. *Ban.* Her captivity is like to be our redemption.

1. *Ban.* If it prove not ſo, we muſt dance off the
Stage in a halter----What do they call her name?

2. *Heroina*---daughter to the *Cyprian* king,
Betroth'd to ours a long time ſince, when he
Was abroad in his travels.

1. *Ban.* 'Twill be a joyful meeting unto them.

2. *Ban.* Had we not had ill luck, a Bandeet had been his
Taſter---- *They diſcover* Oroandes.
How now, what have we here
---- So ho — what art? —

1. *Ban.* Tuſh, ſome drunk Forreſter, let him alone.

Ex. Bandeets.

Oroandes *riſes.*

Oro. Heroina ! — A Princeſſe!
---- And carying to the Court by Bandeets!
It is the unhappy Lady that was betroth'd

Unto

Unto my murther'd Soveraign----lighted on
In their excurſions by theſe rennegadoes.
---- Poor Lady----I have ſpoil'd her entertainment there;
---But I will follow them, and with my bloud
Crimſon the ſables that muſt cloud the day. Ex. Oroan.

Enter Arratus, *ſervants ſetting forth two thrones, the one richly adorned, the other covered in mourning, before the black throne a table, on which a Crown is laid on a mourning cuſhion, before the other throne is plac't the picture of the King.*

Arr. Come---come---ſee all things in order
The Princeſſe is at hand----fie----fie,
This is an unexpected trouble---
---- Away you groſſe witted raſcall—doeſt not ſee
We ſtrive to paint our ſorrow in checquer'd work,
But this 'tis when women ſit at the helm of ſtate,
They ſquare all Court entertainments to the faſhion
Of the laſt Romance they heard. *Shout and acclamations within.*
Hark, they are enter'd the
Palace, I hear the Cannon---
Go off from the Forts---be gone---and make way.

Loud muſick. the Lord high Marſhall, his white rod wreathed in black ribbon, next him, the King and Vanlore *leading* Heroina, *her train born up by* Theocrine.

At the other door (whilſt a ſoft and melancholly muſick playes within) Zannazarro, Glorianda, *and* Eurione *all in mourning*; Zannazarro *kneels, and having kiſt* Heroina's *hand is raiſed by her, ſhe ſaluting the other Ladies.*

Zan. The beſt of welcomes this ſad place affords
Waits on your Graces entertainment.
Glo. And we to do what ſervice lies within
The verge of our indevours—
Her. I thank you both ſweet Ladies, and muſt firſt

Imploy

Imploy your ſervice in declaring what
Theſe ſilent emblems of a ſorrow mean.
I have not ſeen grief in the like diſguiſe,
The lawrell and the funerall *Cypreſs* here
Have wreathed their ill met branches, and contends
Whoſe leaves ſhall Crown the *Syracuſian* queen.

Zan. Wil't pleaſe you aſcend your throne, and there
I lend your attention to the ſaddeſt ſtory
That ere did yet *Siciliaes* Annals blot?

She aſcends the throne.
Zannazarro *draws the curtain from before it, and diſcovers the picture of the King.*

Zan. Behold, great Princeſſe,
All but the memory of his living fame
Of *Syracuſiaes* Monarch. *She ſounds and fals from the throne.*

Glo. Oh help ---- help the Princeſſe.
Eur. Madam ---- dear Madam.
Her. Oh ---- oh ---- God! ----
Arr. Bear her forth, and give her more air.
Her. Hold ---- I am better here ---- if any thing
Revive my ſpirits, 'twill be this that puts
Me in the mind of my deceaſed Lord.
---- Unhappy woman, firſt to know ---- then love,
Ingage thy faith, yet never to injoy!

Enter Oroandes *in his own habit.*

Her. Why ſtand you thus amazed? ----
Zan. Pardon us Madam ---- had the united duſt
Of ſome dead friend, whoſe memorie's near forgot,
Viſited earth in his known ſhape again,
Our wonder could not have arrived unto
A higher pitch ----
Let me imbrace thee friend.
Eur. ---- My deareſt *Oroandes* ----
Oro. Stand off ---- yet farther off;
You know not what you touch,
You ſafer far may grapple with a flame,

Unto my murther'd Soveraign----lighted on
In their excurſions by theſe rennegadoes.
---- Poor Lady----I have ſpoil'd her entertainment there;
----But I will follow them, and with my bloud
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The lawrell and the funerall *Cypreſs* here
Have wreathed their ill met branches, and contends
Whoſe leaves ſhall Crown the *Syracuſian* queen.

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I end your attention to the ſaddeſt ſtory
That ere did yet *Siciliaes* Annals blot?

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Of *Syracuſiaes* Monarch. *She ſounds and falls from the throne.*

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Her. Oh ---- oh ---- God! ----
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Her. Hold ---- I am better here ---- if any thing
Revive my ſpirits, 'twill be this that puts
Me in the mind of my deceaſed Lord.
---- Unhappy woman, firſt to know ---- then love,
Ingage thy faith, yet never to injoy!

Enter Oroandes *in his own habit.*

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Zan. Pardon us Madam ---- had the united duſt
Of ſome dead friend, whoſe memorie's near forgot,
Viſited earth in his known ſhape again,
Our wonder could not have arrived unto
A higher pitch ----
Let me imbrace thee friend.
Eur. ---- My deareſt *Oroandes* ----
Oro. Stand off ---- yet farther off;
You know not what you touch,
You ſafer far may grapple with a flame,

Or in his midnights walk affront a fiend
Arm'd with full vials of deſtructive wrath.
The graves inhabitants, when ſolded in
Corruption, are not more defil'd then I.
Zan. What tends this language to?
Oro. Deſtruction ---- *Zannazarro.*
Eur. How haſt thou loſt thy temper *Oroandes?*
Prithee look on me friend, or am I grown
A ſtranger to thy knowledge? ---
Oro. Leave me *Eurione*, thou art of kin
Unto thoſe hallowed Angels that did once
Attend my actions, and muſt now with them
A ſtanger to thy *Oroandes* grow.
Eur. Neglected thus!--- Alas --- where ſhall I weep?
Her. You are to me a ſtranger Sir, yet in
Your look I ſomething read that may concern
Your abſent Prince, collect thoſe ſcattered ſpirits
Now roaving in confuſion, and relate it.
Oro. I would, but that it hath a ſound ſo full
Of trembling horror, 'twill unnerve your joints,
---- Yet I muſt do't, no other way can lead
My ſoul from out this wilderneſſe of fleſh
---- He's murther'd.
Zan. ---- By whom?---
Oro. This curſed hand; d'ee ſtart?
I thought 'twould ſtrike the bloud out of your cheeks,
And make you paler then the act made me.
'Twas I --- 'twas I, that when your blooming hopes
Chear'd with the ſun of Majeſty, were grown
Big with expected favours, did eclipſe
The glorious light in a black cloud of death.
I cut the heartſtrings of the Land, and fed
The groaning earth with bloud, whoſe purple had
Been by an antient ſtock of anceſtors
Died into royalty.
Zan. Ingrateſull ſlave, why are our ſwords ſo ſlow
--- To execute the villain?
Eur. Oh hold, believe him not --- he raves,

Theſe

These are the births of a distemper'd brain.
Oro. Thou hast but injured me *Eurione*
In staining their just fury — farewel,
Rest in Elizium whilst I roar in hell. *Eurione fals.*
Zan. -- Oh brother, if this be true, thou hast undone us all.
Oro. True — do not think
'Tis any natural distemper that
Spreads this malignant vapour through my veins,
Which nought but th' poison of my guilt corrupts.
--- No I have done it brother,
And you are all bound as you love your Prince
To see't reveng'd with torments, here's a note
Will when I'm dead direct you where to find him.
And now I've done my business on the earth,
Ile give the first stroak to revenge, and here *Sets the Sword to*
Open a passage for your Swords to enter. *his breast.*
As he is offering to stab himself the King stayes his hand.

Oro. What bold hand is that?
Kin. One that here may claim a priviledge, *Throwes off*
--- Rise thou mirror of true loyalty, . *his disguize.*
--- Ne'r higher in our favour.
They all kneel.

All. Our gratious Soveraign! —
— Welcome — oh welcome royall Sir!
Kin. You are all my much loved Subjects, such in whom
Never was king more blest — Madam
Your presence crowns our blessings — now I stand
Exalted in the zenith of my fate.
Who would not passe a stormy night, to be
Thus courted by a lovely glorious day?
— You all are sharers in my heart,
— But thou my Love — *To Heroina.*
The great commandresse of that royall fort.
— Off with these night peec't curtains, no such vail
Shall cloud the perfect beauty of our joyes.
Puls off the black from the throne.

Or in his midnights walk affront a fiend
Arm'd with full vials of destructive wrath.
The graves inhabitants, when folded in
Corruption, are not more defil'd then I.
Zan. What tends this language to?
Oro. Destruction ---- *Zannazarro.*
Eur. How hast thou lost thy temper *Oroandes?*
Prithee look on me friend, or am I grown
A stranger to thy knowledge? ---
Oro. Leave me *Eurione*, thou art of kin
Unto those hallowed Angels that did once
Attend my actions, and must now with them
A stanger to thy *Oroandes* grow.
Eur. Neglected thus!--- Alas --- where shall I weep?
Her. You are to me a stranger Sir, yet in
Your look I something read that may concern
Your absent Prince, collect those scattered spirits
Now roaving in confusion, and relate it.
Oro. I would, but that it hath a sound so full
Of trembling horror, 'twill unnerve your joints,
---- Yet I must do't, no other way can lead
My soul from out this wilderness of flesh
---- He's murther'd.
Zan. ---By whom?---
Oro. This cursed hand; d'ee stare?
I thought 'twould strike the bloud out of your cheeks,
And make you paler then the act made me.
'Twas I --- 'twas I, that when your blooming hopes
Chear'd with the sun of Majesty, were grown
Big with expected favours, did eclipse
The glorious light in a black cloud of death.
I cut the heartstrings of the Land, and fed
The groaning earth with bloud, whose purple had
Been by an antient stock of ancestors
Died into royalty.
Van. Ingratefull slave, why are our swords so slow
--- To execute the villain?
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— But thou my Love — *To* Heroina.
The great commandresse of that royall fort.
— Off with these night peec't curtains, no such vail
Shall cloud the perfect beauty of our joyes.
Puls off the black from the throne.

Ateend this throne, a place too humble for
Virtues so near allied to heaven as thine.
Now you expect the story of my fate
In *Syracuse's* seeming Widowhood,
But the full sea of pleasure cannot yet
Contract its swelling waves, tumultuous joyes
Cannot be reconcil'd into discourse,
Till *Hymens* taper to possession lights
Our just desires, that eldest childe of hope.
---- I only have a promise to perform
Before you all unto this Gentleman,
And then will hasten to discharge the Arrears
I stand ingag'd in to your loyalty.
---- Are the Prisoners ready?

Van. They wait at the door Sir.

Kin. Go fetch them in, thou must my dear *Exit.* 2 *Bardets leading* Carlo.
Meet my first known imbraces, in the seat
Of long neglected Justice, set forth the Prisoners.
---- My Lord ---- read the Indictment ----

Reads. Vincentio Carlo, you are here accused of a murther committed on a *Syracusian* Gentleman, his name *Vanlore*, the act done by two Souldiers whom you hired in the Camp at the siege of *Ardenna:* Guilty or not guilty?

Car. Not guilty and please your good Grace, alas I never knew the man, I ---- therefore I beseech your Majesty to be good to me, I am a poor ignorant man, and full of grief for the losse of my only daughter ----

Kin. That will be proved an act of your own, ---- Read on.

Reads. My Lord *Atratus*, you are here accused to be of confederacy with Signior *Carlo* in the murther of his daughter *Theocrine.*

Atr. Who I! ---- why I! ---- who dares?

Kin. Bardeets lay hold of him, where are the witnesses?

Enter two officers leading Creon *and* Lewcippus *going lame and bound about the head.*

Creo. Oh---oh---so weak, I am hardly able to go to the Bar.

Leu. I doubt we shall find it a harder march

To

To the Gallowes, but this I may thank thy villainy for.

Cre. Thou lieſt Raſcal, thou prompteds't me to all.

Kin. Read their accuſations.

Reads. Creon and *Lewcippus*, you are hear accuſed for murthering *Vanlore*, at the ſiege of *Ardenna*, and being acceſſary to the death of *Theocrine*, daughter to *Vincentio Carlo*; Guilty or not guilty?

Cre. Not guilty —— my Lord, I confeſſe I was with this villain *Lewcippus* hir'd to do it, by this wretched *Carlo*, but had no hand in the murther, it was *Lewcippus* committed it.

Lew. I hope your Majeſty will not believe him,
For the Varlet is compoſed of falſehood,
In the death of *Vanlore* he was as far forth
As my ſelf, but for the loſſe of *Theocrine*
We neither of us had any hand in it,
It was a plot contrived by *Carlo*, and my Lord
Arratus, but for what ends we know not.

Arr. I hope my good ſervice to your Majeſty
Hath merited better then to have my reputation
To be call'd in queſtion by a common Rogue.
I proteſt I will ſue the Raſcall for a ſlander,
---- I will ſlave---by mine honour I will.

Kin. Swear not my Lord, by what you have abus'd;
Honour (that venerable title) was
Slain when to'th Law you forfeited your life,
Bleeding to death at thoſe unworthy wounds
Which theſe low actions to high titles gave.
———Stand all forth, and attend your doom.

Car. Be merciful——oh good my Liege, be merciful.

Arr. S'wounds! I ſee I ſhall be cheated of my head.

Kin. Your actions merit none, yet ſince it is
The beſt companion of a Judge, we'l in
Her virgin zone the ſword of Juſtice wear.
— Diſcover your ſelves— *Puls off the veil from* Theocrine, *at which* Vanlore *diſcovers himſelf.*
Here are the witneſſes, brought to affirm our accuſation.

Car. Oh let me go---they are Spirits,

Ghoſts --- Hobgoblins --- I will not ſtay,
This is ſome inchanted place.

1. *Ban.* Nay Sir, you are too faſt to ſtir.

Arr. S-death! what jugling 's this?

Vanlore *and* Theocrine *kneel to* Carlo.

Van Sir recollect your ſpirits --- and beſtow
A bleſſing on us, both your children now.

Car. Nay it is no point of my Religion to pray for the dead.

The. Sir we ſtill live, and live to want your prayers.

Car. I want my money more that theſe two Rogues have
Couſened me of, I hope your charity will
Make them reſtore it again, I am
An old man and like to come to want,
And every one hales what he can catch from me. (want;

Kin. Curſed Miſer, the Law will free thee from the fear of
For though thy damn'd intentions did not wade
So far as action into guilt --- thy life
Is forfeited for the intended ſin. Vanlore *and* Theo. *kneels.*

The. If we were ever gracious in your eyes,
Let us beg pardon for him.

Kin. Their lives are yours, yet juſtice muſt not be
Rob b'd of all intereſt in them, for your ſakes
We'll mitigate their puniſhments. All *Carloes* wealth,
That Devill which did tempt him to this ſin,
Being by the Law made forfeit unto us,
We with his daughter, the fair *Theocrine*,
Wholly beſtow on *Vanlore*.

Car. Oh I am undone -- I am undone,
I had better been hang'd out of the way
Then to have liv'd to have ſeen my goods
Thus gave away before my face.
--- Oh that ever I was born!

Kin. For *Arratus* --- becauſe he valued wealth
More then his honour, he ſhall ever loſe
Thoſe glorious titles, now grown burthenſome
Unto his age, which may betake it ſelf

To

To needfull reſt, whilſt all his places of
High truſt are by the worthier *Vanlore* managed.
On whom, as but a juſt reward unto
His merits, we beſtow them.
Van. Your Majeſty will by your goodneſſe teach
Me future gratitude ----
Arr. And me perhaps repentance when too late.
Kin. For theſe two villains, the baſe inſtruments
Unto your guilt, ſince we deſire to have
No bloud defile this dayes ſolemnity,
Let them by publick Edict be for ever
Excluded our Dominions. And now we've ſheath'd
The ſword of Juſtice, let me open wide
The armes of Friendſhip, unto you that have
Been maſqu'd in this Meander of our fate.
My debts are great to all, but muſt remain
In full arrear, untill my offerings paid
To ſacred *Hymen*, gives me liberty;
Whoſe Altars now we'l all prepare to warm
With the pureſt flame that ere *Sicilia* ſaw.
Come *Heroina*, let's conduct them to
The Temple, where united hands ſhall prove
Our cares are conquer'd by Victorious Love.

THE END.

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Loves Victory:

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

BY

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAINE
Of *Shaftsbury* in the County of *Dorset*.

———— *Odiumque perit,*
Cum juſſit amor, veteres cedunt.
Ignibus iræ ———— ————

LONDON;
Printed by *E. Cotes*, and are to be ſold by *Robert Clavell* at the Stags-head neer St. *Gregories* Church in St. *Pauls-church-yard*. 1658.

To the Right Worſhipful

Sir *WILLIAM PORTMAN*, Baronet.

SIR,

ERe diverted by more ſerious Studies, which the beneſit of an excellent Education eſpous'd to a natural ingenuity, will ſoon render the rathe-ripe fruits of Your pregnant Wit, I hope it wil in me appear no unbecoming boldneſs, whilſt your youth claimes the priviledge of Recreations, to preſent you with this, which though trivial in it ſelf, improved by your acceptance, may become worthy the view of others; who beholding your Name beautifie its front, may give it as fair an eſteem as if they ſaw it adorned

with all the advantages of the Publique Stage; which ſince this rigid Age hath ſilenced, (if I may be ſo happy to obtain) I ſhall value your ſingle acceptance beyond the loud applauſe of a Theater. If the Reading afford you but as many minutes as the Compoſure did me hours of retired content, I ſhall think theſe low delights of youthful fancy worthy the eſteem of my maturer thoughts, to which the burthens of imployment have now added (if not more Judgement) yet more Solidity. Nor ſhall I repent to have rowz'd it from its ſo long lying dormant, it being then in the embryo, when with us, War firſt made the preſent Age unhappy, ſo may have ſomething to exſcuſe the roughneſs of its ſtyle, its production being whilſt I ſacrificed to Minerva *in the Temple of* Mars; *Deities, which we have fair Prog-*

noſticks

nosticks may be both propitious to your future Achievements; for which, together with an affluence of all other perfections, shall ever be sacrificed the hearty prayers of

SIR,

Your Devoted Servant

William Chamberlaine.

To the Reader.

SInce by this active Age 't hath been thought beſt
With their grave earneſt to cruſh Plots in jeſt;
The mourning Stage being ſilent, juſtly I
May change a Prologue to Apologie;
That ſo in private each Spectator may
Singly receive his welcome to a Play.
But here expect no paraſite, that ſin
Juſtly condemn'd the Stage, though ſince 't hath been
Hug'd by pretence with ſuch hot zeal, as pickles
Mad Sectaries for midnight Conventicles.
Yet though I bring no Opiate to allay
Thy feveriſh guilt, nor tune my Muſe to play
Thy ſoul into a Lethargie, here lies
No Satyr, leſs, hid in ſome ſins diſguiſe,
Which ſhould'ſt thou but ſeem ſtartl'd at, 't would be
An argument of ſome affinity
Betwixt thy thoughts and that. They fooliſh hate
That rails at thoſe, raiſed by whatever fate
Above their wiſhes, doth but vainly ſhow
By their own wounds what they intend their foe;

Whilſt

Whilſt graver wits, who by afflictions thrive,
Make Balm of what was meant a Corraſive.
That ſickly genius whom no lines can pleaſe
But thoſe that rail their Author to diſeaſe,
May ſtill frown here; For know, I durſt not write
An ages ruine in an hours delight.
Though this imperfect embryo was begot
Whilſt Clamorous wars wilde fury was ſo hot
It dry'd up Helicon, and in diſtreſs
Forc't the ſad Muſes to a wilderneſs,
Which inrag'd man (that worſt of Beaſts) had made
A Scene of bloud, where guilty hands invade
Poor trembling innocence, 'twas brought to light
Unlike that ghaſtly Parent, ſince none fight
Within theſe liſts, but ſuch as only prove
Their Valour where the Victory is Love.

A Catalogue of the Actors.

The King of Sicilia.
Oroandes *General of his Army.*
Zannazarro *a yong Lord in Rebellion.*
Arratus *an old Courtier.*
Carlo *a rich Citizen.*
Vanlore *a Noble Gentleman, but of a low fortune.*
Buffonie *a ſimple Clown, Nephew to* Arratus.
Gudgeon *his man.*
Creon *and* Lewcippus *two cheats.*
Heroina *Princeſs of* Regium *Miſtris to the King.*
Glorianda *Princeſs of* Cyprus *Miſtris to* Zannazarro.
Eurione *Siſter to* Zannazarro *Miſtris to* Oroandes.
Theocrine *Daughter to* Carlo *Miſtris to* Vanlore.
The Father and Mother of Buffonie, *Prieſts, Souldiers, and Attendants.*

Loves Victory.

Actus Primus.

Scena Prima.

A Funeral march: A Coffin born over the Stage.
Oroandes *and his followers in mourning.* Exe.

Enter Cleon *and* Lewcippus.

Cre. THis is the place, is't not *Lewcippus?*

Lew. The ſame, nor will our under-officer delay us long.

Cre. If this Gooſe prove not well featherd, our hopes Are blown up: our only happineſs is, we have our Limbs to help us, whilſt others muſt halt out their Wants in a Hoſpital.

Lew. Yes, and have their penſions paid them in rotten Tobacco, and carv'd bonelace ſticks for bread.

Cre. Thou art in the right, for the better rewards are Reſerv'd for the decaied ſons oth' ſhop, or decaied Placket ſquires, fellowes that dare not not look in a glaſs For fear they they ſhould be frighted with the ruines Of a noſe.

Lew. Well, it was our wiſdoms not to fancy this Grinning honour, in the mean time I would ſell My forg'd Commiſſion for a bankrouts bill of exchange.

Cre. And I my buff-coat for a freeſe jerkin, and all

My airy honours for the greasie steam of a Cooks shop.

Lew. Here he comes. *Enter a Serjeant and Buffonie.*
Like the captive Knight of the golden Image;
Don dell Phœbo —— welcome.

Ser. Fie—— Fie—— A Souldier and tears!

Buf. Doest lie—— that doest, cham no Zodier,
Cha been better bred then zo.

Lew. Twas thy own proffer friend.

Buf. Yes, but when I wonder? when chad took a pot too much at market, and was a little toxicated.

Cre. Thou shalt have a sober time of repentance:
S-death! what's here? *Enter* Buf. *mother followed by*
An Incubus! *her husband and* Gudgeon.

Lew. Or else a fury frighted out of her wits.

Cre. She wants but a perriwig of Snakes to lead the dance of Hobgoblins.

Mot. Why Whore, be these Rogues here? I have been
Frighted out of my naked bed to follow them:
What doest thou amongst these Varlets?
Come home—— come home you whorson lout.

Hus. Nay wife, good wife, do not anger the worshipful Captains.

Mot. Pew, you dotard, doest think I will be frighted out of my Boy, tis sign thou hast but small share in the begetting of him, that thou canst so willingly part with him.

Cre. Serjeant away with him, how vermin'd'e bark?

Lew. To the guard with him, and lay him neck and heels;
S-death—— affronted!

Fa. Captain—— I beseech your honorable worship.

Lew. What saist old Cropshin?

Cre. Go hire thy Beldame a house in a Churchyard,
That when she hath bequeathed her garments to a Papermil,
She may walk there to fright Sextons.

Fa. Good Sir bear with her, for when she is up she is
A devill in Carrion, but I will disburse here;
Here is forty old Angels, and a good sixty fellow
For a supply——

Mot. How!—— part with thy gold! why the Pelfe

hath ſhook thy wit out at thy noſtrils: muſt Angels flie to fetch him back? Ile do't without, or Ile ſcratch their eyes out.

Cre. Peace good matron, and go water the furrowes of thy cheeks in tears, 'twill look moſt religiouſly.

Lew. Thou haſt been ſo long hung to roof, that
Otherwiſe thou wilt choak the wormes,
And in the next age be ſold for mummy.

Bu. I took my Mother to be good for nothing.

Lew. Old fellow we incline to pity thee, but the ſupply looks ſomething wretchedly, there muſt be ſome additionall advance.

Fa. We will not ſtumble at that.

Cre. Didſt ever handle armes friend? Serjeant, try him.

Gud. Chwas nere thus hampered before, cham afeard tont come oſe.

Ser. Come, handle your armes.

Gud. Jch amt well skild in theſe guns, chave ſeen them at *Mouſter* ſet it a vier with the end of a cord, ſure theſe ſnipper ſnappers be a new faſhion, beant they?

Cre. Nere fear, there's no hurt. *The powder firing he fals.*

Enter Vanlore *diſguiſed.*

Van. Save you Gentlemen;
Lives there one *Coſmo Buffonie* here?

Fa. I am the man you ſpie for friend, vor want of a better.

Buf. Look *Gudgeon*——what ſpark is that?

Van. I have a letter from the Lord *Arratus*;
What it concerns, the contents will inform you.

Fat. Pray maſter Captain read it, we beant book learn'd.

Mot. No——whoſe fault was that you old knave, the Boy had doſſety enough and thou wouldſt ha put him toot.

Lew. He here ſends you word how he deſires to have his Nephew your Son ſent forthwith to *Syracuſe*, for he intends to adopt him his Heir.

Mot. How! why then we are made for ever? *Gudgeon* thou goeſt too.

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Van. *Creon* and *Lewcippus*, the city cheats. *Van. aſide.*

 Cre. But

Cre. But hear, you friends, you first must disingage from us.

Van. How stands he Sir ingaged to you?

Lew. How——fellow, go medle with your horse comb sawcie groom: Serjeant——away with him.

Fat. Nay——worshipful Captain——I will disburse.

Van. For what? keep up your money, who dares touch him?

Cre. So bold, my livery creature? Ile make thee know
Thou't not ith' stable, where thou command'st ore horse boyes; Unhand him, or by heaven——

Van. What will you do Sir? do' think I fear plunder'd Coats and big looks? *Strikes up his heels and disformes him whilst* Creon *runs away.*

Lew. Devils and fiends,
Shall I indure this! *Kicks him. Ex.* Lew.

Van. Yes, and this too.

Van. Come, your ransome is paid.

Fa. Blessings on your heart, come son *Buffonie.*

Exeunt, Om.

A vollie of shot within, the mourners enter, a trumpet sounds, a herald reads Oroandes *Com.*

Om. Heavens crown the actions with successe!

Oro. My gratitude divides
It self amongst you all, the only mean
Of recompence, untill some welcome beam
Of opportunity shall light my wishes
To a requital of your early loves.
But now the minutes languish in sad hast,
And from the sad performance of these duties
To our deceased General we must
Remain griefs debtors, whilst we satisfie
Importunate revenge. You dismal badges
Of their despair, tell us we have an enemy
Whose resolutions are as high and bloudy,
As their condition sad, if they refuse
This last act of an injured Princes mercy.

A parle ſounded: Enter as on the wals Zannazarro *and attendants.*

Zan. What means this haſty ſummons? is your anger
So ſwift in motion, that it not admits
Due rites unto the dead? The doleful hours
In which we mourn'd our Fathers funerals
Hath ſcarce left ſeals on the records of time.
Yet though the grief ſit heavy on our ſouls,
It's not of kin to fear, we dare to draw
Our ſwords ere we have wiped our eyes, and in
A peal of Canons, more harmonious then
The ſolemn Bell, thunder his funeral peal.

Oro. Tis pitty a reſolve thus fortified
With valour, ſhould unravel all its glory
In an unlawful cauſe. This deſperation
Valours blind hieroglyphick, wherein nought
Appears but monſters only, ſerves to fright
Deluded fancie from ſupreme commands.
Oh do not then precipitate a family
Which may outlive approaching ruine, to
Stand the ſupporters of this State, when thoſe
That prop it now, are ſunk with weight of age.
Nobility, like heavens bright Planets, waits
Upon the Sun of Majeſty, whilſt none
But Comets drop from their uſurped ſphears.
Then rectifie your reaſon, and let's now
Conclude this war without a greater flux
Of bloud then is already ſpent, that ſo
Rebellion may not add more ſables to
What mercy yet may pierce.

Zan. You might have ſpared this labour, though we loſt
The ſtrongeſt Cittadel of all our hopes
In our dear fathers death, thoſe high reſolves
He dying left as legacies to us
Are ſo much cheriſht, that ſhould *I* conſent
To ſtifle thoſe brave flames, his angry ghoſt
Rowz'd from the ſilence of a dormitory,
Would reaſſume its ſeat to chide my ſloath.

I've only with me those few wounded men
Which from the last loud stroak of war escaped
With life, not health, to serve me; yet though their armes
Grown weak with the late frequent losse of bloud,
Sell not our lives at honours highest rate,
We'l fall no humble sacrifice to death.

Oro. I'm sorry Sir,
That my advice, proceeding from the love
I bear your worth, hath mist its wisht for end.
——Farewel——All happinesse
But that which waits on victory attend you.

Zan. The like to thee brave soul, since part we must;
When next we meet, 'twill be in bloud and dust.

Ex. from below: an Alarm within, at which Ex. hastily from above.

Whilst the battail continues, the stage hung with lights and pictures represents a Temple.

Enter Eurione, *a book in her hand, she having kneeled a while, Ent. a Lady hastily.*

Lady. ——Oh Madam! ——whither will you flie?
The day is lost, your noble brother taken,
Wars furious Godesse, fierce *Enyo* stands
Over your batter'd gates, and wheeling round
A dropping pine about her bloudy tresses
Lends with its dismall light an entrance to
The ministers of death, the unclaspt power
Of the rude Souldier, like a deluge broak
O're a rich field, the last and fatall blow
Is giving, all our dying hopes. Th' battlements
Sweat oft in flames, whilst loud confusion fils
The inlightned air with outcries, and our shrieks
Choak'd in the embryo of our prayers can find
No way to angry heaven: the infant dies
Whilest in the porch of life, and natures webs
Decayed by age, are rent from out the the looms.

Immaculate

Immaculate Virgins to each touch betrayed
Lie in a trembling agony, their beauties
Like a rich Mine laviſht to vulgar hands,
The injured prize of every impious ſlave.
Eur. Weep not my dear companion, thou that haſt ſhar'd
Alike with me in every change of fortune,
If fate ordains this the Cataſtrophe
Of all thoſe tragick ſcenes, which theſe late wars
Made us unwilling, though ſad actors in,
To us our virgin innocence ſhall be
Protection ſafer then the united ſwords
Of earths moſt powerfull monarchs.

Outeries within.

Lad. Oh they are entring, let's flie dear Madam.
Eur. Whither? when ſlaughter runs through all
What place can give protection unto us? *Ex. Lad.*

En. Oroandes *wounded, a Surgeon.*

Oro. To thy charge, my hurt's but ſleight.
Sur. Yet will deſerve your care Sir. *Ex. Sur.*
Oro. Hah! what place is this!
Hung round with ſtately pictures, ſtar'd with lights!
With what an awfull majeſty it looks!
———ſure it inſhrines ſome deity———what's ſhe?
———with ſuch a face
Troy's tutelary angell look'd, when all
Her crown of turrets dropt their flaming heads.

Eur. kneels to the altar.

Eur. If thoſe bleſt ſpirits, which freed from all the crimes
Caſt on them by mortality, and made
Fit for celeſtiall palaces, retain
A thought of us, as elſe our faith deceives us,
Oh let the white ſoul of ſome ſainted Virgin
Deſcend for my protection.

She ſpeaks.
He draws nearer.
She riſing from the Altar
kneels to him.

En. What ere thou art that in this dreadfull ſhape

Com'it

Com'ſt to profane this hallowed place with bloud,
If in your breſt there dwell a humane thought
Telling you that a woman was your mother,
For her ſake pitty a diſtreſſed Virgin.
Not for my life I beg, but only that
My honor kept unblemiſht you would eaſe
Me of that tedious burthen.

Oroandes *ſtands a while ſilent, lets fall his ſword.*

Oro. A chilling froſt unnerves my joints, ſure this is
Divinity or Magick that hath thus
Depos'd my reaſon to let Rebell paſſion
Triumph ith' injur'd throne——Riſe Lady
——there's a religious ice about my heart
That chains up all my fury——I ſhall rather
Slight the commands of an injured Prince,
Then violate ought which the dictates of
My ſoul proclaimes for ſacred.

Eur. Oh lead me then to ſome polluted place
That's grown drunk with bloud, and there let mine
Increaſe the purple deluge rather then
Let life add yet more burdens to my ſoul.
——I ſhall not alwayes be protected by
This places ſanctity; or if I were,
Find few of ſo much vertue to be with
Religious reverence awed.

Oro. Do not, dear ſoul,
Miſtruſt the gentle ſmiles of fate, my power
Secures you from all future violence
Which in the lowdeſt ſtorme of fury can
Fall from the ſteepeſt precipice of rage.

Zannazarro *retreating, Souldiers laying at him.*

Eur. Oh my dear brother.

Soul. Kill——kill the gaudy whore.

Oro. Hold——I command you hold:
This is a place too ſacred to be made
A ſcene for ſuch a bloudy act, and would

Style

Style what our cauſe cals juſtice ſacriledge,
Heaven being it ſelf profan'd in the abuſe
Of what its power for ſanctity devotes.
His wounds ſeem large enough already to
Let life flie out through all the gards of nature;
Or if they are not, to preſerve him will
Be but the glimring of a Taper ere
Blown out by the formalities of Law.
--- Hear---ſearch his wounds, and let it be your charge
To uſe all diligence in their recovery.
Sound a retreat, and you, that bear command
See the rude Souldiers violence be drawn
Within the bounds of mercy. Victories ſtain'd
With too much bloud are bleſſings but profan'd.

Ex. Zanna. *and Souldiers,*
ma. Oroan. *and* Eur.

Do not my dear too much afflict thy ſelf,
Each tear you ſhead drops from my heart in bloud.
--- I'me conquered in this victory, and become
A captive to my priſoner. Come Lady, dare you truſt
Your ſelf to my protection, your gardian Angel
Rob'd in virginity, is not whiter then
Thoſe thoughts which clothe my ſoul when they reflect
On ſo much ſuffering vertue. Were my luſt
Hot as the womb of *Ætna*, yet there lies
A ſecret magick in this touch to cool
Thoſe moſt intemperate fires. The morning pearls
Dropt in the Lillies ſpotleſſe boſome, are
Leſſe chaſtly cool, ere the meridian Sun
Hath kiſt them into heat; yet ſince the ice
Of Anchorites by religious flames may be
Warm'd into holy Calentures, Oh give
My paſſions leave to move within the orb
Of your Cœleſtial beauty, whilſt no line
Tends to the center of a thought unchaſt.

Eur. Alas my Lord——this is
No time to play with Love (that child of peace)
When war and death ſit by and hold the ſtakes.

The impious mirth of the bold *Atheist*, that
Riots at funerals, and undaunted sits
Whilst heaven in plagues drops vengeance round about him,
Unvests his soul of no more modesty
Then such wilde love would mine, whose growth must needs
Be fatall when sown in a field of bloud.
———Yet I confesse———
If heaven did e're lend balme to cure a grief
So vast as mine, even whilst the orifice
Was warm with bloud, this cordial favour would
Perform the cure: but I am lost to all
The future hopes of dull mortality;
The habitation of my soul is grown
Too great a burthen, since so often wet
With miseries ere to be born with ease.

Oro. If all my service to my Prince hath merited
Ought worth requital, he must shew it in
Mercy to you, or by a blacker doom
Shake my obedience off. But only grant
Me thus much satisfaction, that when time
Hath purg'd your griefs malignity, and for
These thornes strew'd the soft roses of content
Within your Virgin bosome, that you would
With pity then on my afflictions look.

Eur. I were ungrateful else: Know noble Sir,
I so much prize your virtues, that if ere
My frowning stars smile on my fate again,
Their powerful'st influence shall reflect on you
In so much thankful gratitude, you shall
Acknowledge it the eldest child of love.

Oro. My joy growes equall with my wishes; Come
Let's in my dear, and see thy wounded brother.

Ex. Oro. *and* Eu.

Ent. Vanlore *alone.*

Van. My plot hath thriv'd thus far, I have discover'd
A rival in my love to *Theocrine*———but such a one
That nature in such haste did huddle up,
She gave him scarce the Characters of man.

How

How purblind is the world, that ſuch a monſter
In a few durty acres ſwadled, muſt
Be mounted in opinions empty ſcale,
Above the nobleſt virtues that adorn
Souls. that make worth their center, and to that
Draw all the lines of action! Worn with age
And wounds to a neglected skeleton
The noble Souldier ſits, whilſt in his Cell
The Scholar ſtews his Catholique brains for food.
The Traveller return'd, and poor may go
A ſecond pilgrimage to Farmers doors, or end
His journey in a Hoſpital: few being
So generous to relieve where vertue doth
Neceſſitate to crave. Harſh poverty,
That moth which frets the ſacred robe of wit,
Thouſands of noble ſpirits blunts, that elſe
Had ſpun rich threads of fancy from their brain.
But they are ſouls too much ſublim'd to thrive
Amongſt thoſe crudities of men, that fill
The nauſeous ſtomach of the times with fleſh
Unſalted with the active ſouls of men.
But I'm no Satyr, rather now poſſeſt
With Loves more gentle ſpirit, which hath charm'd
Me into ſtrange attempts; aſſiſt me Fate;
Few dayes will ruine or advance my ſtate. *Ex.*

Souldiers paſſe the Stage, Creon *and* Lew. *dragging in* Buff. *and* Gud. *in new clothes.*

Cre. Nay, now you are hamper'd Rogues: diſobey authority!

Bu. ——Oh *Gudgeon*----they wool durt our new clothers.

Lew. Lie cloſe you vermin. *They bind them.*

Gud. I ha not known hop munday at this time oth' year.

Bu. Stand upon thy guard page. *They gag them.*

Cre. Gape *Gudgeon*———ſo, now do not talk
Your ſelves hoarſe, this heavy carriage
Shall not trouble you. *Pick their pockets.*

Lew. Farewel---farewel--- do not defile your lodging. *Ex.*

Enter ſome ſtragling Souldiers with Wenches.

Wen. ——A prize——a prize my lads;
How came you hither Sirrah——ha?

Bu. Oh——Oh——Oh!

Wen. What canſt not ſpeak, the rogues are gagg'd.

1. *Sou.* Alas poor ſellowes——help unbind them

Wen. Hang them vagabond rogues, they are ſome rich
Bores Ile warrant them, that have abuſed poor Souldiers:
---- here puny---change thy hat and thy ſword.

2. *Sou.* Theſe are ſome reliques of their Grand-fathers
Blades that have been tryed in the firſt Punick war;
Here, ſhalt have mine in exchange---and liberty to boot.

Wen. Nay, no haſt to be gone Sir, this Coat will ſell
To the next Countrey Landlord---yet agen,
Theſe Boots will ſerve an honeſter man.

1. *Sou.* Nay, thou art uumerciful---

Wen. Marry gip you milkſop fool, thou wert beſt
Go barefoot ſo thy conſcience wear ſocks; why man,
This is the farmers eldeſt whelp, coupled with
A carter, they know how to ſwaddle their legs
In ſtraw---do you not boobies---

Buſ. Yes---forſooth Miſtris.

Wen. Nay, I ſhould teach you manners, had I the tutoring of you. *Ex. Souldiers and Wenches.*

Enter Zannazarro *and* Eurione.

Eur. Do not, Brother, venture too boldly on this piercing aire.

Surg. It's dangerous, Sir, and may recall your feaver.

Zan. I thank your care, but owe ſo much unto
Your art, that my recovered ſpirits tell me
They are ſtrong enough to ſtrugle with diſeaſe,
Yet Ile not long tempt danger, only a while
Sit and behold yon greedy flames convert
My Fathers palace to his funerall pile.
---- Oh *Eurione*, *Ex. Surg.*
To what ſad period drives our haſty fate!
We---we of all our houſe remain to be

The

The mockery of fortune. Poor girle---we muſt
Ere long be led to grace the triumphs of
A lawrel'd Conquerer, thorow the throng
Of the inſulting multitude, whoſe mirth
Our miſeries will be, from thence be hal'd
To ignominious death, and far remov'd
From the fam'd urnes of our dead anceſtors,
With theeves and murtherers mix our injured duſt.
In all their Annals, our wrong'd names ſhall be
Branded with ignominious Epithets.
Our gardian Angels vainly did protect us
Beyond the ruins of our family;
That ſhower of bloud dropt pretious balm, compar'd
With thoſe prodigious ills that fall in this.
---Why did I ſuffer all thoſe channels to
Be ſtopt that drain'd the crimſon ſea of life?
Were not my hands chain'd in my love to thee,
I would again rend ope each orifice
And ſet thoſe conduits going, which are now
Lockt in reſtrictive medicines.
Eur. Do not Brother
Unthrone thy ſoul with this unmanly paſſion,
Prop with diſdain, that falling pyramid
Which in the loweſt ebb of fortune may
Sit high as Sceptred Kings, and by the ſtrength
Of paſſive fortitude repell the beams
Of our malignant ſtars, though darted down
With barbed vengeance on us. Thoſe calm ſouls
Feel not the war of fierce affliction, which
Preſerves heavens peace within their quiet breſts.
The bittereſt pils earth ſteeps in gall, are but
That healthfull phyſick, which the ſickly mind
Diſtaſts, but languiſhes without into
A ſwift conſumption of its former virtues.
I know thy breſt fill'd with too great a ſpirit
To let in ſuch ignoble gheſts as fear.
And ſhouldeſt thou nurſe a meaner thought of me,
'Twould ſtrike a bluſh upon the aſhes of

Our noble Mother, which could ne'r conceive
So mean a thing in great *Zoranzas* bed.
Zan. Now thou art sister to the noblest thoughts
My soul extracts from weak humanity.
---This balm hath cur'd all mine internal wounds.
Eur. Then prethee take a care not to offend thy other.
Zan. My honoured Gardian--- *Enter Oroan.*
Oro. Brave *Zanazarro*, I'm glad to see the bloud
Sit in such healthful symptoms on thy cheeks,
My Princes mandates now inforcing me
Unto a swift removal----Fair *Eurione*
I have more offerings here to pay, but yet
Am too unsanctified.
Eur. Those vows, my Lord, my death will soon discharge.
Oro. I am commanded by a power above me;
But should my victory dip her lawrels in
Your blouds, my own should wash the tincture off,
And with your Cypress wreath their wither'd branches.
But fairer hopes in my thoughts battle wars,
Support the ruins of my falling stars.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Creon *and* Lewcippus, *one in the habit of a Souldier, the other of a Dancing master.*

Cre. S-death! thou look'st as if thou wert newly unfetter'd *Lewcippus*, since thou skip'st into this Dancing suit, but methinks thy legs are hardly fine enough for thy profession. Canst caper? --- Let's see.
Lew. As well as thou canst toss a pike my
Valiant Hector------thou walk'st in such state
As if thou comest Crown'd from *Olympus*;
Or for a reward of thy valor wert to be
Elected King of the *Romans*.

Cre. No,

Cro. No, a Knight of *Malta* would ſerve the turn:
And that if our deſign proſper, I may bid fair for.
Lew. We ſhall no more need to march in back-lanes to ſhun Cateh-poles——hiſt——here comes the old Courtier and new Lord—— *Enter* Arratus
Ar. Save you noble Gallants, and my very
Good Friends.
Cre. That he never ſaw before.
Ar. Let the word of a Gentleman confirm you welcome.
Lew. We had rather have the deeds.
Ar. You ſhall be both reſpectively entertain'd
In your ſeveral functions.
For thou my nimble Lad——
We'l dance Levalto's lighter then the air
When it cuts capers from the mountains tops.
My Nephew's hours of mirthful recreation
Shall by thy lighter genius be diſpos'd.
But there is valour in the Boy that will
I doubt diſdain the ſport, I know his humor
If he be of the right bloud of the *Buffonies*,
He will be all for Turnaments, and fighting duels
——I will ſeem not to like it, but it was my
Own humor when I was young, I believe the
Countrey hath beſtowed education on him in that kind
According to his natural worth——
——Wherefore——my noble Corydon——
Cre. I am no Shepherd Sir.
Ar. I cry thee mercy, my brave Herculean ſoul,
I mean, what de'e call them——the followers of (wench.
The ſullen *Greek* that would not fight for the loſſe of his
Lew. *Achilles* and his Myrmidons.
Ar. Thou haſt hit it----thou haſt hit it
My ſingle ſol'd Raſcal, I mean the Myrmidons:
Pox on't! I forget theſe hard names; truth is,
I hold it beneath a man of quality to ſpend
His time among moth-eaten books, and leave the
More generous recreation of Dogs and Hawkes; ſome
Shreds of Poetry pickt up among the ſcoundrel

Players

Players are all that I make use of;
Yet I honour men of Art and Gallantry.

Cre. Tis not my use to boast my own perfections,
I've seen some petty portions of the world,
Serv'd under *Cæsar* in the *British* wars,
Assisted *Crassus* in the *Parthian* Conquest,
Been with *Porsenna* at the siege of *Rome*,
With *Xerxes* when his Army swallowed *Greece*,
And fought for *Pompie* in *Pharsalia's* field,
But my last piece of service was to fight
For brave *Adrastus* in the *Theban* war.

Ar. Now by my soul a noble warrier;
But how met you with this man of art?

Cre. In my travels——and I protest strangely;
As I was passing over the *Lybian* deserts, I lighted upon the Grand Signiors Court, and being invited by him into the *Seraglio* to see his Concubines, there skipt into this Gentlemans acquaintance, he being one of those rare Artists kept to edifie the doxies.

Ar. Now by my honour a strange encounter:
——What are these—— *Ent.* Buf. *and* Gud.

Ser. Your Nephew Sir *A Servant.*
And his attendant——

Ar. How, are you son to *Carlo Buffonie?*

Bu. I am the young Gentleman Sir, and as simple
As I stand here, chad better clothers
When's come from home.

Ar. And how came you to lose them Couzen?

Bu. We met with some vermin Zodiars that plunder'd us.

Ar. Alas poor Couzen! and who furnisht you
With these new fashion'd Boots?

Gu. They are the workmanship of my own hands.

Bu. My man *Gudgeon* is right, a man of knowledge
Nunckell Ile warrant you.

Gu. I will serve your worship in the same kind
Upon any occasion, I have not been a servant
To your brother honest Gotfer *Carlo* so long for nothing.

Ar. Thou sayest well friend, I shall imploy thee.

My

My noble friends, I ſhall refer my kinſman to
Your care, call for what money you ſhall ſee
Occaſion of to furniſh him with all the gallantry
He is yet capable of; I could wiſh he had
Been better prepar'd for tutors ſo ingenious,
But hope to ſee the ſudden effects of your skill.
Lew. Sir, we ſhall do our beſt indevours---
Come my ill clad gallants, we will change your
Ruſty Swords for glittering Rapiers,
Your Ruſſets into Scarlet, and feed
Your horſes with your boots.
Buf. What becomes of our breeches then *Gudgeon?*
Gu. We will ſend them home to old Maſter,
They will ſerve for a change. *Ex. Om.*

Enter the King, an Ambaſſador as from Cyprus.

Kin. How full of fatall changes are our lives!
What is't to be a Monarch, and yet live
Trembling at every blaſt of paſſion thus!
When all my thoughts in the fair hopes were calm'd
Of *Heroina's* ſafe arivall, then
Even then to have them ſmother'd in this cloud
Of cur'ſt intelligence——Oh *Glorianda!*
Each ſtar is dropt out of my heaven of joy;
All our intended triumphs muſt convert
To funerall obſequies, our Lawrels be
Wreathed o're with Cypreſs, and the Tyrian robe
Strike all its ſplendor to an Ebon vail.
Glo. Your grief is yet but weak ſuſpitions birtch,
And happily may prove abortive, Sir.
Kin. Poor girle!
Thou fain wouldſt into comfort flatter us,
But the malignity of ſorrow can
Admit no cordials, when its meager fiſt
In all her functions graſps the ſtrugling ſoul.
Hear him unravel the black clew that led
Me into this dark labyrinth of grief,
And tell me then where I have ever left
Hopes to eſcape the Minotaure of paſſions.
Glo. Shall I my Lord

Burthen you with the weight of this ſad ſtory.

Emb. Your will commands each motion of my ſoul,
Though to a ſad obedience—Know then fair Princeſſe
When firſt our full ſpread ſailes were pregnant grown
With proſperous gales of wind, and all our hopes
Swel'd equall to their full ſtrecht wombs, and we
With joy beheld proud *Ætnaes* gloomy top
And ſleighting *Neptune* did begin to pray
To our domeſtick Lars, even then
A ſpightful ſtorm ſtretch't on the wings of all
The clamorous winds, proclaims a combat, and
Chuſes our latitude the fatall liſts.
The Suns fair mirrour curles her even brow,
Whil'ſt white arm'd waves catch at the clouds, and fall
Like liquid Mountains on our ſinking Ships,
Our rent ſails hang on tops of rocks, our cords
Crack like the fibers of a dying heart,
The frighted Sailer more diſtracted then
The elemetnes into confuſion ſtartles,
The Maſter vainly cals for help, till by
An angry wave waſht off, he loſes all
His hopes ith' Seas unfathom'd womb. Whil'ſt in
Theſe full mouth'd oathes natures intemperate ſons
Swore our deſtruction, a calm gales ſoft breath
Fans off diſpair, we now behold none but
Pacifick Seas, but in this new born light
No beam of comfort dwelt we by it ſeeing
Nought but the ſcatter'd ruins of our Fleet
Which dreſt the floud in funerall pomp, but what
Stroke moſt amaze, that Veſſel where we had
Treaſur'd our hopes, the Princeſſe ſhip was loſt.

Glo. A ſad relation.

Kin. Oh but too true, too true my *Gloriande*,
Devouring Seas have couſen'd our imbraces.
—— But ſhall I loſe her thus? go gather all
Thoſe Ships that owe obedience to this Ile
And let their ſquadrons cloud the Sea, untill
You find her out, or elſe, by all that's good,

Thy

Thy life, though an unworthy ſacrifice,
Shall fall an offering to her fathers loſſe.
Emb. I go——though in deſpair, to ſpeed. *Ex Emb.*
Enter Oroandes, Zannazarro, Eurione.
Oroandes *kneeling, preſents the priſoners.*
Oro. Thus only may your enemies encounter
Thoſe beams of ſacred majeſty that ſhine
Through you from the *Sicilian* diadem.
Kin. Riſe noble Souldier, high in our love as wonder
——Thus joy encounters grief, but is to weak
For ſuch a foe——are theſe thy victorious trophies?
There's ſomething in their looks that argues worth,
Were it not clouded in Rebellions maſk.
But that's a ſin whoſe black infection ſtrikes
Damps to the heart of Monarchie, and cannot
Be nurſt within a States ejecting womb
Without diſtempering every vitall part.
It was thy mercy when the obſtructed ſword
Like lightning fled, and left their lives untoucht,
And now our juſtice muſt perfome that task.
Glo. I more then doubt poor *Zannazarros* ſafety,
Some of loves old ingredients yet remain.
Kin. ——Why ſo much woman, *Glorianda?*
Thou but miſpend'ſt thy pity, fooliſh girl,
Upon an object, which if not remov'd
Would ſoon eclipſe the brightneſſe of our ſtars.
——Go call the Prieſts of *Mars* and *Pallas* hither.
Oro. At what wilde fury reaches this diſcourſe?
If at his anger hell lights torches to
Lead them into deſtruction, there muſt fall
Some ſhowers of bloud to quench them.
Enter Prieſts.
Kin. Here take the priſoners to your charge, and let
Thoſe ceremonies be perform'd, by which
The tainted bloud of ſacrifices are
Made incenſe for the gods; ſee them prepar'd
Ere the next morning gilds the earth, delay

Shall pluck no feathers from the wings of vengeance.
--- S-death! what does't curd your blouds? go bear them off,
That brow that dares contract it self into
A frown had better meet a thunderbold.
Glo. O they are loſt, for ever loſt! *Ex.* Zan. Eurio.
Oro. Is't grief, or reverence that unnerves me thus?
--- Oh my ſoul---thou art too weak---too faintly weak
To move beneath the Chaos of theſe woes!
Kin. Now *Oroandes* I have time to imbrace thee,
And hug this cabinet of virtue, which
Contains thoſe jewels by whoſe ſoverain price
Our ſafety was redeem'd. But I have not
In all thy abſence let thy goodneſſe drop
Out of my thoughts, witneſſe this Lady, in
Whoſe virgin breſt I've ſtrove to plant thy worth,
Untill her ſympathizing virtue might
Nurſt tó maturity, which to improve, Ile leave
You to Loves fair Elizium, Privacie.
Oro. I am——your vaſſal Sir, but cannot pay
Oblations due to ſo immenſe a love. *Ex. King.*
Glo. Whither ſtarts my degenerate ſpirits!——I was born
Of Parentage high as *Sicilies* King;
And though their death made him my Gardian, yet
May be allowed the freedom of my choice.
The converſation of our youth had nurſt
A Cupid in each eye, ere *Zannazarro*
Forc't by a fathers high aſpiring pride
Forſook's obedience to the Crown, and then
A mutual love mixt our ſouls currents in
One ſilver ſtream of joy, and ſhall I now
Buy it with pride, 'cauſe his dejected ſtate
Unveſted of its gaudy honour ſtands?
——No——let his titles ſacrifices fall
Unto his guilt, ſo I may him injoy.
Oro. ——She weeps---ſure there is more in this
Then yet my thoughts can fathome:
If it be love to *Zannazarro*, perhaps we may
Prevail by our united prayers----Pardon Lady
My unbecoming rudeneſſe, I have ſorrows

That

That like my evill Genius on my ſoul,
Sit cloath'd in ſables that obſcure the light
Of beauties rayes.----
Glo. You need no mask to walk ith' Moonlight Sir,
But were there flames to quench you, I ſhould ſhed
Tears large enough to quench the riſing fire.
Oro. We are not like to thrive in love that plant
The ſprightly fruit in ſuch a watery ſoyl.
Glo. Yet our affections are perhaps of kin,
Did we diſcover their originall.
----Let's both diſvellop truth my Lord, I bluſh not
To let you know theſe tears are only ſhed
To mollifie thoſe ſtubborn deities
That ſway brave *Zannazarroes* fate----And think
Yours ſympathize in a relation near
As is 'twixt him and fair *Eurione*.
Oro. Oraculous truth! ---- Dear Lady, let me kiſſe
This hand the index to ſo brave a heart,
And on it ſeal allegiance to your heart.
Our ſouls could here have met a nearer way
But in the rode of wedlock, this hath claſpt
All the black lines of our affections in
One volume, though by natures hand tranſcrib'd
In different characters: but oh! it lies not
In our united prayers for to releaſe
The objects of our love from thoſe ſtrict bands
Our Princes rage fetters their ſafety in.
Glo. All violence would wear the ugly brand
Of Sacriledge, elſe I would try the power
Of all my Kingdom to ſupport their fates.
Rhegium holds many active ſpirits that would
Bear his proud anger with as high a flame,
Should I but ſtir what now conceals their hate.
Oro. ———I have an Army too
Not yet disbanded, which would gladly kindle
Their diſcontents at the leaſt beam of mine,
The airy weight of a few would ſet
The fatall engin going; but my bloud
Shrinkes to its center at rebellions name,

And

And as if tainted with the thought from thence
Scatters an ague through my limbs. If all
Our prayers, when mounted on the wings of love,
Cannot prevail, let's mix our bloud with theirs,
And Martyrs die to our adored saints.

Glo. I shall do something too, something that may
Preserve my name in sanguin characters.
But first let's visit him, perhaps those engins
That batter heaven, may shake his marble breast.

Oro. My prayers shall wait on yours; and if denied,
A lover die, not live a regicide. *Ex. om.*

Enter a Taylor with a new suit, a Hatter, Shoomaker, Spurrier, with other Tradesmen.

1. *Tra.* Come neigbours, shal's crack each one's our Kan before the Gentleman comes.

2. *Tra.* Our Kans, hang the muddle horsedrench,
Let's drink each of us our groat square off
Brisk sack, this forain liquor but
Adulterates our blouds.

3. *Tra.* As many of your wives does your beds.

1. *Tra.* How this coxcombly boy prates
Because he hath nere a one of his own?
We shall shortly have him buy the feesimple
Of a piece of land, that hath been broke
Up to his hand in the Countrey.

3. *Tra.* Did your easie entrance inform you,
Your own was such?

2. *Tra.* Go to Sirrah, you are a sawcie boy
To prate thus to antient men and thy betters.
I tell thee, both my neighbor and
My self are town-born children,
And have born offices,
And before thy head was hot to some of us.

3. *Tra.* But not before your own was horn'd Sir.

1. *Tra.* How you impudent rascall! a little more would make me lay my yard about your ears.

3. *Tra.* But

3. *Tra.* But take heed you do not break him; for I have heard though you are double yarded, your wife wants her full measure.

1. *Tra.* I protest I will complain to the officer and make him prove it.

2. *Tra.* Hist——you prating coxcomb——here comes the Gentleman. *Enter* Lewcippus.

1. *Tra.* God save your good worship.

2. *Tra.* We are glad to see your worship well.

Lew. Come——what have you brought here?---let's see your bils, thou should'st be a man of might by the largeness of thy weapon, but without help of thy shears I will pare off half——there, nay take it without grudging, and set thy hand to the receipt.

1. *Tra.* Nay, I beseech your good worship to consider a poor Tradesman, our taxations are heavy.

Lew. Tush! you were born to be made slaves off, come, thy hand.

1. *Tra.* To the whole bill Sir?

Lew. S-death! you crosse leg'd cur, d'ee snarl? thou wert better eat thy pressing iron then reply another word---come you with the taffaty face, thy blew apron fits not methodically friend——I protest thy conscience is made of sarcenet, pure and tender as thy wives new blancht cheeks----hast thou set thy hand to the bill?——how! my money will not hold out——but I will send anon----that satisfies.

2. *Tra.* Most aboundantly, an't please your worship.

Lew. My jolly Caispin, thou must grant the same curtesie.

3. Oh Lord sir, your worship may command.

Lew. Thou deservest to be heir apparent to Sir *Hue*, and to have thy apron a perpetuall winding sheet to his bones; come along with me, and transport your commodities, 'tis your Indiaes. *Ex. om.*

Enter Arratus, Carlo, Creon.

Arr. Signiour, you are welcome.

Car. I thank your Lordship---- intruth so shall your Nephew be to my house----and to my daughter too--- or she

and

and I shall square, but I would fain see the sprightly gallant,---- as lame as I am, I have walk'd thus far on purpose.

Arr. He will not long be absent Sir, but is that wild head *Vanlore* dead?

Car. This Gentleman can best inform you.

Cre. It was my fortune to close his dying eyes.

Car. Captain, not a word of our bargain. *Car. aside.*

Cre. Swounds! dee think my neck teches for a halter?
Poor *Vanlore* ---- he was a Gentleman whose memory
My love to worth ingages me to honour.
Was this not well dissembled old boy? *Aside.*

Car. Rarely---- thou mayst be secretary to the Devil.

Arr. My Nephew---Sir---

Enter Buff. Lew. Gudgeon.

Car. God save you noble Sir---you'r happily encounter'd.

Buf. Would the old fellow beg something Tutor? We will give him *Gudgeons* old clothers, they are better then his.

Lew. Not too loud---this must be your father---law.

Arr. Nephew, take notice of this Gentleman, you may hereafter call him father.

Gud. He should ha better clothers first and I were as my Master----he had as good a father as this at home.

Buf. Peace fool and let your Master talk---how lik'st this Cloak---and sword---and boot old boy---ha!

Lew. You are too rude--observe his gravity.

Buf. Why, no matter as long as I talk loud enough;
Doest keep any dogs old boy? Ile course my fathers
Crop-ear'd bitch with thee for forty groats.

Lew. Fie---fie, you must lay no wagers under pounds.

Buf. Why then pounds let it be---or we have a forehorse of our own breed shall draw with ere a horse in *Syracuse*.

Lew. Fie, this is discourse too vulgar.

Buff. Why, did you not tell me 'twas Gentleman like
To talk of nothing but Dogs and Horses?

Gud. Yes, and Whores too Master.

Buf. Thanks good memory----Ile begin.

Lew. ---Not for a world before your uncle *Aside.*

That

That is discourse for Taverns---betwixt the drinking scenes,
Whilst men take breath to throw away estates;
There you may vie obscenity, and lard
Your dry discourse with oathes---but must be civill here.

Car. His Tutor's giving him good counsell.

Arr. He is a Gentleman I'm wounderous happy in, for wholesome precepts.

Car. Will you not give him leave to visit my poor house? My Lord---his company will be pretious.

Arr. Sir I intended he should wait on you home.
Captain it is our pleasure, you attend him.
The Citie's full of swaggerers, and he something rash.
---Nephew---we'l leave you to attend this Gentleman;
Bring me word how thou lik'st fair *Theocrine*. *Ex.*

Car. Come Signior, will you walk?

Buf. Nay pray Sir go before. *Ex. om.*

Enter Oroandes *alone.*

Oro. All yet is silent, dark and secret, as if
The powers of night did favour my intent.
Pardon you Gods that have a residence
Within this sacred roof, if I profane,
You are the authors of it, if you own
Affections cloth'd in robes immaculate
As martyr'd Saints imbrace their sufferings in,
Such sure are mine, witnesse that bloud---which when
Warm'd with the pride of victory did grow
Too cold to hatch the embryoes of a sin,
Though there were flames of beauty large enough
To thaw an Anchorite. Pity me then, just powers,
And spare your guiltlesse sacrifice. This hour,
This dismall silent hour, is near the time
In which the Priest, with hidden mysteries
To purge his offering from all the staynes
Of secret thoughts, into this Temple comes--I do not know
What earthquakes cold divinity may breed
Within my brest, but sure he must be more
Then man that bears her hence, unlesse he wears
My life upon his sword---- But I am vain,